

# The Sketch

No. 1023.—Vol. LXXIX.

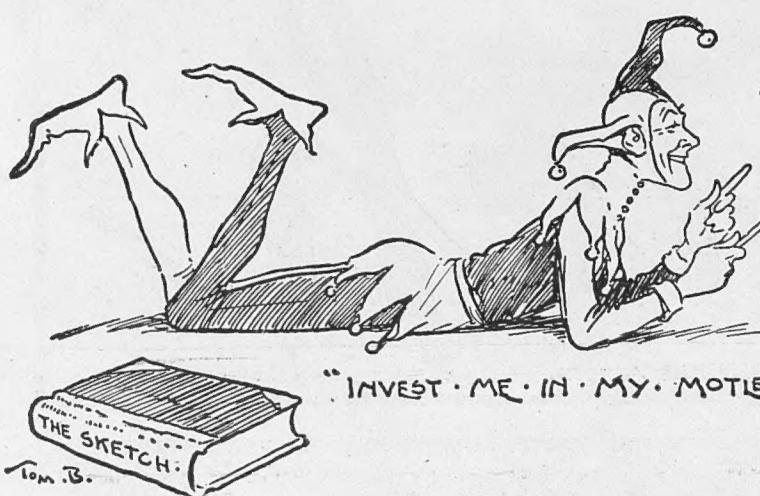
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS MARIE TEMPEST, WHO IS THE PAULINE CHEVERELLE OF "ART AND OPPORTUNITY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is arranged that Miss Marie Tempest shall produce "Art and Opportunity" at the Prince of Wales's to-morrow, Thursday, Sept. 5. The piece is a comedy in three acts, and is by Mr. Harold Chapin. Miss Tempest plays Pauline Cheverelle; Miss Kate Serjeantson, Lady O'Hoyle; Mr. Graham Browne, Algernon Horatio Gossamore, third Duke of Keels; and Mr. Charles V. France, George Frederick Gossamore, Earl of Worplesdon.—[Photograph by Hoffé.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

# MOTLEY NOTES



## MERRY MUDBAY (A GUIDE TO).

### FAVOURITE WALKS AROUND MUDBAY.

*How more than fair is Butcher's Grove!  
Which of us doth not love to rove  
In these sweet glades?  
Ah, youths, give thanks to honest Butcher,  
The man whose gen'rrous nature put yer  
Along with these fair maid's!*

#### I. To BUTCHER'S GROVE.

Starting from the Headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S., leave the "Blue Antelope" on the right, and continue up the High Street until you come to Sheep Street. Turn down Sheep Street, cross the railway yard, leave the Gasworks on your left, pass through the little gate leading into Butcher's Meadow, cross Butcher's Meadow, and you will find yourself in that idyllic spot, Butcher's Grove.

If the late George Cornwall Butcher had never done any other deed of note, he would still have rendered his name immortal in the annals of Mudbay by the presentation of this delicious pleasure resort. Bounded on the north by the Waterworks, on the south by the Gasworks, on the east by a cheerful dyke into which the spare goods of the town are thrown, and on the west by a high wall, it is difficult to imagine a snugger spot anywhere in England than Butcher's Grove. Warm in winter, cool in summer, within call of civilisation and yet remote from mart and merchandise, Butcher's Grove is a boon and a blessing to those who have the time to enjoy its peace, solitude, and verdure. We cordially commend it to the notice of visitors! It will save them the expense of a private sitting-room.

G. C. B.

Whilst on this subject, a brief biographical note on George Cornwall Butcher would not be out of place. Born in 1802, the son of a worthy hedger and ditcher, young George quickly made his way in the world. The lad was full of spirit. At the age of eleven, we find him figuring in local annals, accused of setting fire to certain hayricks. For this offence, the youthful George was sentenced to "ten strokes with ye rod of byrch, the same to be Administered by ye Constable, in ye presence of one or more Justice of ye Peace."

Boys will be boys, however, and George Cornwall Butcher was not to be lightly deterred. Two years later, at the age of thirteen, he induced his schoolfellows to make an attack on their schoolmaster, "with stools, benches, and slates." No sooner was the fight well in progress than young George ran for the constable, thus neatly turning the tables upon his erstwhile friends. We next hear of him as having stolen a boat in order to become a pirate. From that moment, he never looked back. Success followed success, and he became, in course of years, a very rich man. He was thrice married, always to women of means. He died at the ripe age of one hundred and two, deeply respected by all. A career not without blemish, perhaps, but amply justified by his munificent gift to the town in which he first saw the light. The bulk of his fortune he bequeathed to the Society for Providing Convicts with Dainties and Delicacies.

#### II. TO DAMLEFORD.

Starting from the Headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S., walk straight past the "Blue Antelope," and keep in that direction until you reach the railway station. Pass through the booking-office, cross the line by the bridge, pass through the general waiting-room (if the door be locked, the fence at the far end of the platform may

be easily vaulted), cross the weir by the plank provided for that purpose, take the footpath through "Parson's Pleasure"—should the bull be grazing, it is advisable to keep close to the hedge—and the spire of Damleford Church will soon be sighted.

The name of Damleford is derived, according to the Rev. Eli Toadhunter, from three Anglo-Saxon words—namely, *dam*, *ley*, and *ford*. *Dam* means a weir, *ley* means a place, and *ford* means a ford. Thus we have "a place with a weir and a ford."

In addition to the Church, which is well worth a visit on account of the fact that the roof has partially collapsed and may fall at any moment, Damleford consists of some cottages, a public-house, and a police-station. Hence, doubtless, the curious old quatrain, recently discovered on the wall of the cell in the police-station—

*On Sunday morn I goes to church:  
On Monday morn I tills the sod:  
At Saturday noon I goes to pub:  
On Saturday night I goes to quod.*

Here, in a few simple words, we have the life of this old-world, peaceful English hamlet.

#### III. To DEVIL'S ROCKS.

This delightful excursion should certainly not be missed.

Starting from the Headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S., hurry past the "Blue Antelope," turn to the left, and then left again through Jubilee Street. From this point, the route is quite easy to follow. Take the footpath across Mudbay Marshes, and continue until Witch Cliff is reached—a distance of some fourteen miles. Ascend the cliff by means of the steps cut into the face of the rock. If a rope is obtainable, it is as well to lash the party together as in Alpine climbing, the face of the cliff being not only perpendicular, but inclined to lean outwards in places. On a smooth rock near by will be found the names of those who have lost their lives in attempting the ascent.

The summit reached, the surviving visitors will find themselves on the other side of Witch Cliff. Devil's Rocks are now easily discernible with the aid of powerful glasses. Follow the footpath as before, which leads straight to the rocks. The return journey must be made by the same route.

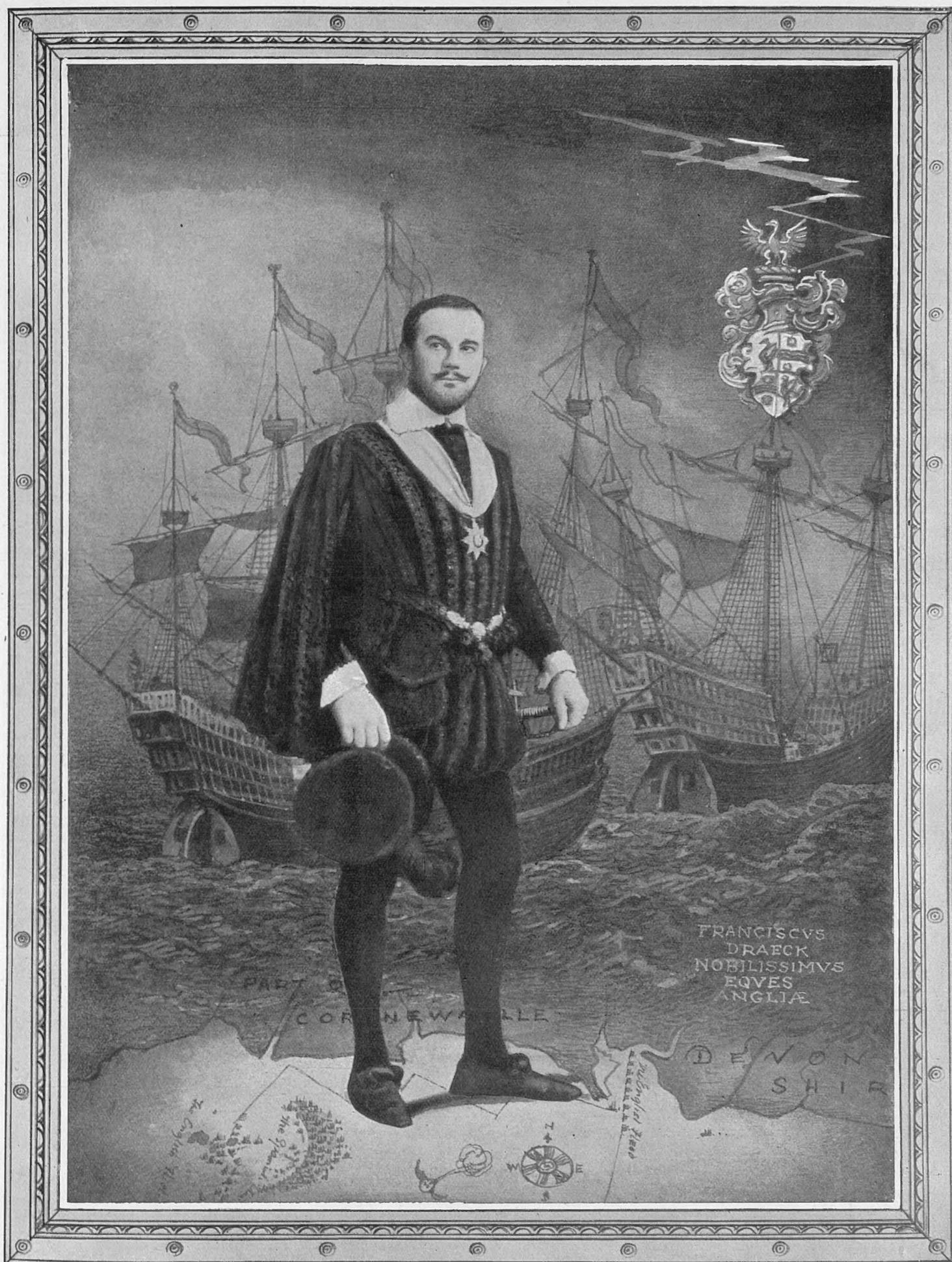
Should the visitor decide to visit Devil's Rocks by boat—an equally pleasant trip—he will avoid Witch Rock, but will make the acquaintance of Wizard Reef. This may be crossed in safety only when the tide is at the full. At least twenty-four hours, therefore, should be allowed for the full journey—twelve out and twelve home. Survivors say that the view of the sea from the base of the Rocks is almost identical with the view from the Mudbay Promenade, and is, therefore, well worth a visit.

#### IV. To THE GIANT'S FOOTBALL.

Starting from the Headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S., get dragged past the "Blue Antelope," and turn to the right through Mafeking Terrace. Cross the moor and the marsh, and, in course of time, the Giant's Football will be seen in the distance. The exact position of this strange mass of granite is difficult to describe, but the following may help. Draw an imaginary line from John o' Groat's to Land's End. Imagine this line to be caught in a strong gale and blown westwards in semicircular fashion. Now take a point two-fifths from Long. 24.2, Lat. 12.9., N.N.E. by S.W.S.

Geologists vary amongst themselves as to the origin of this stone. Some say that it was hurled by the Evil One at St. Dunstan, but, missing him, lies where it fell. Others aver that it is just a silly old bit of rock, worth about twopence. We withhold our opinion.

## IN "OLD MASTER" STYLE: A GREAT ELIZABETHAN.



MUCH AS HE IS IN "DRAKE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. LYN HARDING—AS SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Describing "Drake" to the "Daily Chronicle" before the presentation of that play-pageant, Sir Herbert Tree said: "Drake himself is a great part. We see the man as he was—a rough Devonshire seaman, with heroic qualities, with a simple faith, with a keen, strong daring and indomitable spirit. He is the type of the Elizabethan adventurer, and of all that was fine and hardy in the character of the Elizabethan man of action. There is a good plot in the play, which moves swiftly forward, and a very charming love-story between Drake and Elizabeth Sydenham." Mr. Lyn Harding is the Drake of the His Majesty's production; he is here seen as another great Elizabethan—Sir Walter Raleigh.

*Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. FRANK C. BOSTOCK—FOR ARRANGING REAL LION HUNTS IN THE BUSH (SHEPHERD'S); AND DECIDING TO CHARGE A HUNDRED GUINEAS PER HEAD.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



MR. S. F. CODY—FOR WINNING £5000 WITH HIS FLYING "CATHEDRAL"; BEING A NATURALISED ENGLISHMAN; AND DEFEATING ALL THE "ALIENS" AMONGST HIS COMPETITORS.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



THE REV. MAURICE TURNER—FOR SPENDING THE NIGHT IN A "HAUNTED" HOUSE AT HULL AND INVESTIGATING THE STRANGE NOISES THAT HAVE BEEN HEARD THERE.

*Photograph by Topical.*



MR. LORING—FOR BEING MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S SON AND THE YOUNGEST THEATRICAL MANAGER.

*Photograph by Hana.*



MISS LILY SMITH—FOR SWIMMING FROM DOVER TO RAMSGATE IN 6½ HOURS, AND SO BEATING WOLFFE'S AND WEBB'S RECORDS.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



MRS. STUYVESANT FISH—FOR GIVING A "GLITTERING, GOLDEN £20,000 LOUIS XVI. BALL."

*Photograph by L.N.A.*



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT—FOR GIVING A "BLAZE OF GLORY" BALL WHICH WAS ESTIMATED TO COST FROM £27,000 TO £50,000.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*

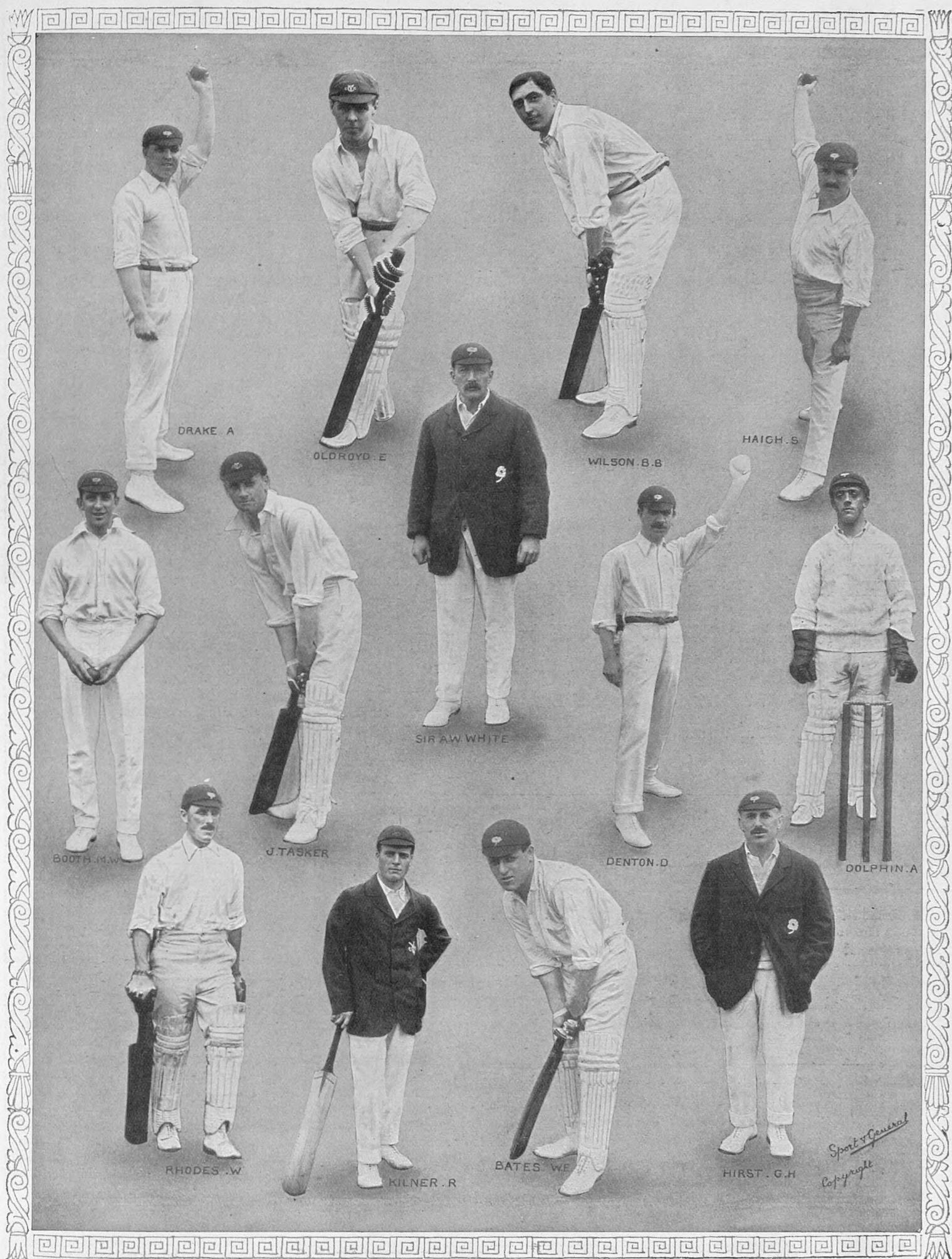


MRS. OLIVER BELMONT—FOR GIVING A "SAUSAGE AND MASHED" AND "BANK HOLIDAY" BALL, WITH VILLAGE FAIR AMUSEMENTS.

*Photograph by Dupont.*

Mr. Frank C. Bostock, of the White City "Jungle," is organising lion-hunts to take place in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush. There will be real lions and real danger for the sportsmen; but the Kings of the Forest will be captured, not killed. Each member of the party will pay one hundred guineas for the right to join in the proceedings; and there will be privileged spectators in cages.—Mr. S. F. Cody is to be heartily congratulated upon his successes at the Military Aeroplane Tests. He has won the £4000 open to the world for aeroplanes made in any country, and the £1000 for the aeroplane made in the United Kingdom, except the engines.—Noises suggesting "spirits" were thought to be signs of the "haunting" of a Hull house. Mr. Turner was amongst those investigating. The tenant's little daughter has since confessed to being the "ghost."—Mr. Loring, in company with Mr. Greig, is taking "At the Barn" on tour.—Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's ball at Beaulieu called for the remodelling, the Orientalising, of the place. It is said that at least £2,000,000 was worn in jewels.—Mrs. Fish's ballroom was designed to represent the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles; her servants wore liveries of the period. "Nymphs" started the dancing; and butterflies and doves were freed.—Mrs. Belmont's ball, designed as a contrast to those of undue lavishness, cost about £100 for 300 people, and took place at Easton's Beach. The amusements were those of the village fair; the food included sausage-and-mashed.

## THE TYKES TOP DOGS FOR THE 9TH TIME IN 20 SEASONS.



YORKSHIRE, THE CHAMPION COUNTY: CRICKETERS WHO HAVE SET HER IN THE PROUD POSITION.

By their victory over Somerset at Taunton last week, by an innings and 136 runs, Yorkshire placed their position as champion county for 1912 beyond dispute, whatever the result of the match with Sussex at Brighton, which ended in a draw, Sussex leading on the first innings. The Tykes have now won the championship in nine out of twenty seasons—a notable achievement. This year they have only lost one match—that with Middlesex at Lord's in June. The success of the new blood in the team promises well for the future of Yorkshire cricket, for the veterans have been excellently supported by the younger players such as Oldroyd, Kilner, Booth, and Drake. It is four years since Yorkshire last headed the championship list—that is, in 1908. They are now equal with Surrey, who have also won it nine times, and second to Nottinghamshire, who have been champions eleven times. At one time this year it looked as though Northamptonshire might make a bid for the honour for the first time.

Photographs by Sport and General.

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**THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.****THE SEASON OF THE "LITTLE BROWN BIRD":  
LAST YEAR'S CONDITIONS REVERSED.**

WHAT about the "little brown bird"? Under ordinary circumstances most of us would know something about him already, but conditions are not normal, and September finds large areas of standing corn and uncleared fields even in the south. Last year it was just the reverse. Corn was cut so early that the partridges had ample time to practise long flights. In the absence of cover, they relied upon their wings, so that it was not easy to walk up the birds even in the opening week of the season. By mid-October driven birds fell only to the good shots, and before Christmas partridge-driving had become a pastime for experts only. I remember seeing a party of tolerably competent men—to be truthful, I was one of them—trying hard in a southern county last December to gather some approach to a fair bag. There was a full wind, birds were plentiful, six of us did our best, and the bag was—fifteen brace! So much, then, for 1911, which left a heavy head of game on the ground for January gunners to leave severely alone.

**Late Corn and  
the Partridge.**

The spring of this year was decidedly favourable to partridges in most parts of England. A fine April hastened on the season of nest-building, a warm June saw the chicks afoot rather before the usual time, and the heavy storms that usually come as soon as eggs are hatched were conspicuously absent. July favoured the young birds, and I am inclined to think that they were quite able to face the woes of August. The sanctuary of standing corn is pleasant to all game. In its labyrinths the rabbit escapes from its pursuers, the pheasant and partridge hide, even the fox likes to make himself comfortable. This year the partridge will diminish the season of his anxieties, for he will seek standing corn as long as any is left, and those who pursue him will prefer to hold their hands until the land is clear. Last season's conditions will, in short, be reversed, and if the bags are a little late in coming, they should be heavy as soon as driving begins. Of all British game-birds, the partridge contrives most successfully to hide from observation. He is far more quiet than the pheasant, does not indulge in the revealing flights of the wild duck, and does not salute the dawn after the fashion of the cock grouse. He lies low and says very little until his sanctuary is laid waste, and then forthwith begins to pit his intelligence against that of his enemies. Given a little luck in the beginning, and he will put up an excellent struggle for life—his motto clearly being to take no risks.

**Hand-Rearing.**

Nowadays it is almost possible to regulate the supply of partridges, for, on land that is suitable for hand-rearing, the task is a simple one enough. I have tried it, on quite a small scale, with success. There are always one or two nests to be found that are badly placed, either within view of the road, or in a position that a heavy rainfall will threaten. I tried the experiment of taking such nests and putting the eggs under small hens, the smaller and lighter the better—a bantam will do. They were hatched out in small runs, and the young chicks, which were very wild and lively from the first, were fed five times a day, their early morning meal being put down late at night. When they were about twenty days old I opened the end of the runs, leaving the mother bird in the coop. The partridge chicks took full advantage of their liberty, but for some time would return at their foster-mother's call. Finally, the day came when they decided to go off, and they left their respective parents lamenting. But, oddly enough, they never went far. Quite late in the season they were within a hundred yards of the house, easy to recognise, for they rose in quite a leisurely fashion, and two coveys had joined forces. They regarded themselves, apparently, as semi-domesticated birds, and I never shot any. In severe weather they were never far from the place where they had been hand-fed, and if grain were put down, they would come for it as soon as the coast was clear. I cannot help thinking it should be possible to tame hand-reared partridges, and if there were not quite so many foxes in this neighbourhood I would try. Oddly enough, while the partridge can be hand-reared and do quite well for itself, the imported partridge is less fortunate. A friend of mine has bought partridges from the Continent four times and has never been able to improve the bag or strengthen the stock with them. He, too, lives in a great hunting country, and I cannot help thinking that the imported birds are no match in point of cunning for the home-bred fox, who knows every move on the board. In country where the fox is not too much in evidence, the imported partridge may thrive.

**The Things that  
Matter.**

But whether the birds be home-grown or imported, plentiful or scarce, strong on the wing or easy to hit, matters little. The joy of the early autumn days, the keen air, the hard tramps over the stubble, the colouring in hedgerow and wood, the good-fellowship, the reunion of friends who only meet at this season of the year—these are the things that matter most. Let them be granted and we can dispense with the big bag; take them away and no number of birds would suffice to make atonement.



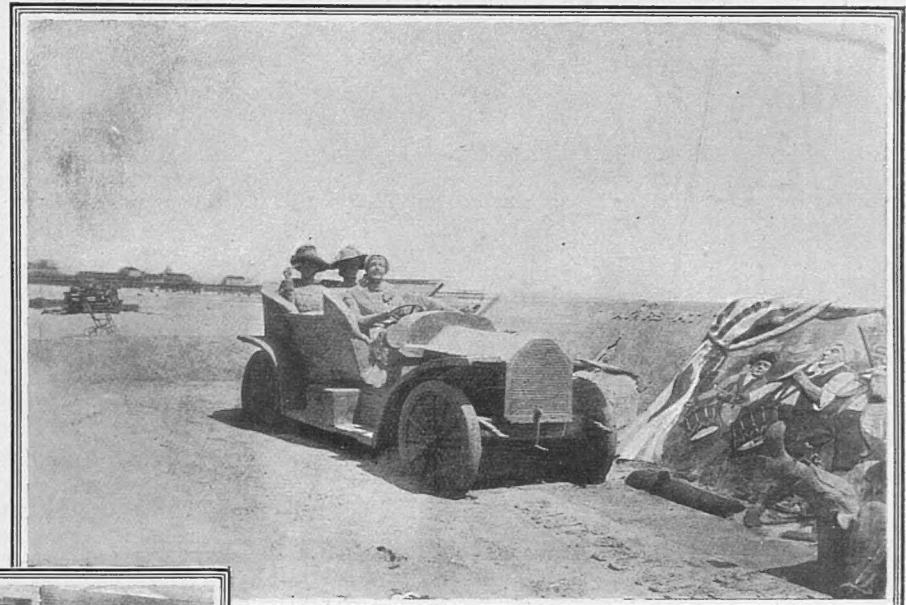
# THE CLUBMAN

**EAST AND WEST: THE FATE OF SARAWAK, BOULOGNE'S AMBITION, AND FRENCH BIRD-SLAUGHTER.**

**Sarawak.** It is a mere scare, I hope, that Sarawak is threatened with extinction as an independent principality, for its government has been such an outstanding success for personal rule that it would be a pity that the little state should go through the rollers of the Colonial Office and come out as a Crown Colony. The old Rajah Brooke, the uncle of the present ruler, loved adventures and was a splendid sportsman. The men who served under him were all men after his own pattern, English gentlemen, wild and untamable fellows some of them, but all leaders of men, all sportsmen, and all fine fighters. When the Rajah was asked by Queen Victoria how he managed to keep thirty thousand Dyaks and Malays in order, his reply was that he found it more difficult to control a dozen of her Majesty's subjects than all the Malays and the Dyaks. Yet the very qualities that made the Rajah's officers difficult men to keep in hand ensured their success amongst the Dyaks.

**Government Without Red Tape.** The present Rajah Brooke was the ruler of Sarawak during the years I was quartered in the Malay States, and he and his officers used to pass through Singapore when they went home for a holiday, while their shorter leave they generally spent in the capital of the Straits, which to them was the nearest point of civilisation. The men whom the present Rajah gathered around him were not so wild and untamed as the men his uncle gathered about him, but they were quite free from the taint of red tape, and no government by Britons was ever carried on with so little correspondence as was that of Sarawak. The first Rajah used to dispense justice in a big room to which all his subjects had access, and any man who had a grievance could walk in and state it. The judgments

but of the native governor who ruled the territory for the Sultan of Brunei. This worthy governor was so impressed by the masterful qualities of James Brooke that he petitioned the Rajah to appoint him to rule the sixty square miles which was then the territory of Sarawak. The little country, which soon became a big country, went through all its changes with the full approval of its over-lord, the Sultan of Brunei, and Sir James Brooke, after being the British Commissioner for Borneo and Governor of Labuan, was acknowledged by the British Government as an independent ruler. Never did white man come to rule over brown men by fairer means or with a clearer title than the first Rajah. For some time the old Rajah's



DISTINCTLY FRAGILE: THE WOMEN ON THE CAR.

right-hand man in his early essays in government was a shipwrecked Irishman, whose bravery was his one distinguishing quality.

**The Future of Boulogne.** The last days of my holiday abroad I spent at Boulogne, where there have been great doings this summer in honour of the opening of the new dock and the laying of the foundation-stone of a new pier, and I found the people of the town all agog concerning the new works which are to be carried out in the harbour. A new jetty to the north-east is to make the entrance to the inner harbour wider. Boulogne at the present time has a great curving breakwater to defend the anchorage from the full force of the south-western wind. It is proposed to extend this somewhat, and to make a corresponding breakwater to the north, so that there will be a great enclosed space of calm water, similar to that at Dover. An anchorage for big Atlantic liners is to be dredged out in this, and then Boulogne hopes that all the ocean greyhounds will call there, to the exclusion of Brest and Cherbourg, and the other French ports on the northern coast.

**The Little Birds of France.** The English farmers are protesting that the wholesale slaughter of the migratory little birds as they fly northwards over

Europe is accountable for the plague of insects which destroy the crops. The French societies for the preservation of birds are moving in the matter, and it is to be hoped that the Governments of Italy and France and Spain will take action. The small tradesmen of French provincial towns, who go out fearfully and wonderfully arrayed and shoot at anything that flies that is bigger than a butterfly, are only accountable to a small extent for the slaughter of the small birds. They are good sportsmen, these worthy *bourgeois*, and if an appeal is made to them no doubt they will give up that portion of their sport. The real criminals are the peasants who, for the sake of gain, spread big nets on the brows of the hills to catch the tired birds, and who sell their little victims wholesale to the provision-dealers. A law forbidding the slaughter of insect-destroying birds would no doubt make an end of the massacres.



THE BULL MOOSE IN HIS MOST PERISHABLE FORM: MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY.

THE MOTOR-CAR OF THE SAND-MODELLER'S ART: CURIOUS SCULPTURES AT ATLANTIC CITY.

of the Rajah were as eminently practical as the judgments of Solomon were. Very much the same practice of unfettered justice prevails in Sarawak to-day, and the machinery with which the Government is carried on is exceedingly simple.

**The Old Rajah.** Rajah Brooke the first began his career of adventure by running away from school. He was in the service of John Company, and during the first Burmese War he raised a corps of native volunteer cavalry which he led with the greatest daring. When a fortune of £30,000 came to him, instead of settling down in his native land as an English country gentleman, as most men would have done, he bought a schooner and sailed out to the East, in search of adventures. He found at Sarawak an insurrection in full swing, and came to the aid, not of the rebels,



**M**AJOR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL'S engagement is of considerable interest to Scots Guards, to the Commons, and, perhaps more important, to the several clubs of which he is a conspicuous member. Miss Lilah Wingfield is, no less, a person whose affairs are a matter of lively concern to a large circle. A sister of the present Lord Powerscourt and of Mrs. W. Van de Weyer, she has many and various ties with society in England and Ireland. Lord and Lady Powerscourt have been entertaining largely, their latest guests including the Maharajah of Alwar, Lord and Lady Massereene and Ferrard, Lady Downshire, Lady Dartrey, Captain and Mrs. William Naper, and the Countess of Rosse. The Castle is at Bray, but, as Miss Wingfield's marriage will probably be in London, the Vicar will not be called upon for the service or a song.

*Sea Jests and a Locker.* Mr. Oliver Locker Lampson, M.P., who has been lunching on board the *Enchantress*, was the victim not many months ago of a friend who is an inveterate hoaxter. He found that even a Member of Parliament and a teetotaler can hardly help himself when his companion, having slipped a gold watch unawares into his

exploration. Although the itinerant expert is always a rather exciting visitor, at Farmleigh he made no very startling discoveries among the flower-pots; Lady Iveagh has herself

I beg not," pleaded K. of K. "I want you to let me look at the maker's mark. It's a rather interesting service."

"*Tuppence.*" During a round of Scottish visits, Lord and Lady Gladstone are interested observers of the working of the Insurance Act. They themselves, however much they may approve it, will have no opportunity of obeying its decrees when, in a short time, they return to South Africa. An atmosphere of protestation, if he encounters it in Scotland, will not be altogether new to Lord Gladstone. He has, in fact, spent his life in it, and was made aware of taxes long before he paid any. While he was at Eton, his father added twopence to the income tax, and he was promptly christened "*Tuppence*" by his schoolfellows. Like the Chancellor's stamps, the name stuck—and not without a licking! Although accepted from the majority, it had a particularly odious sound on the lips of a hated enemy, and the result was fisticuffs, and punishment for one of the combatants.

*Lord Ashton's Interdict.* Lancaster is still marvelling at Lord Ashton. It has marvled for years. When, as High Sheriff, he was on the eve of entertaining



ENGAGED TO MAJOR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL: THE HON. LILAH WINGFIELD, DAUGHTER OF THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT. Miss Wingfield is the youngest of Viscount Powerscourt's three sisters, and was born in 1888. Major Morrison-Bell, second son of Sir Charles Morrison-Bell, Bt., is M.F. for East Devon. He was formerly in the Scots Guards.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

taken stock too thoroughly. It was another hostess who, having him at her side at dinner, watched for a sign of approval from the soldier of somewhat stolid exterior. Her chef's soup was famous; and he had been told to excel himself for the occasion. Lord Kitchener plied his spoon with extraordinary rapidity; he finished before anybody else, and then made as if to take hold of his plate. "More for his Lordship," said the lady to the man behind. "No,



DESPITE THE DAMP: WATCHING THE JUMPING AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW IN DECIDEDLY INCLEMENT WEATHER.

Photograph by Chancellor

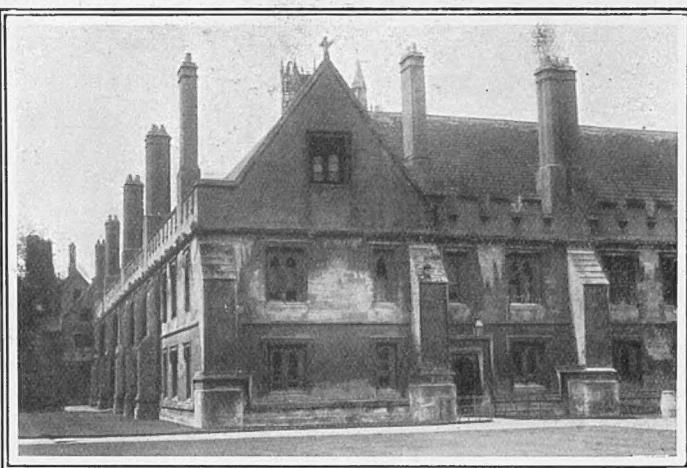


ENTHUSIASTS INDEED! VISITORS TO THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW WATCHING THE JUDGING IN A DOWNPOUR OF RAIN.

Photograph by C.N.

pocket, yells, "Stop, thief!" within earshot of the attentive police of Jermyn Street. "Nothing to say—sorry," was about all the humourist could utter in explanation to the magistrate. Other jests of his were more successful, and perhaps not so pointless. Mr. Locker Lampson and his hosts on the *Enchantress* were, in this matter, in the same boat; for it is surmised that the Jermyn Street joker was one of the "Eastern princes" so graciously entertained not long ago on board the *Dreadnought*.

*Haste and Paste.* Dublin is the stronghold of the habitué; but Lord and Lady Iveagh, at Farmleigh, captured Lord Kitchener, whose presence at the Horse Show has been made something of a rarity by many years of foreign service. His zest for horses held good against rain, dances, and other drawbacks; within doors the china cupboard is a sufficient field of



THE PRINCE OF WALES' QUARTERS AT OXFORD: MAGDALEN COLLEGE, SHOWING WINDOWS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS' ROOMS.

The Prince of Wales is to take up his residence as an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, during the coming Michaelmas term, which begins on Oct. 11. His Royal Highness will occupy rooms in No. 4 staircase, on the northern side of the cloisters, looking on to the Deer Park, and within a few yards of the Founder's Tower. The rooms are on the first floor, and number five.

Photograph by L.N.A.

10,000 people to luncheon, he found his managers had arranged to give champagne to the "quality," and beer to the rest. With an indignant stroke of the pen he assigned champagne to the whole company. That is part of the Ashton tradition. Another part of it (according to his critics) was that he should be cheered whenever he showed his face in Lancaster, a town filled with the monuments of his generosity. And now his refusal to take any part in the city's reception to King George perplexes his admirers. Let them, at least, admire the discretion of his letter of refusal. It is a masterpiece of courtiership compared with Lord Charles Beresford's well-known reply to a royal pal's invitation: "Sorry, can't come. Lie follows by post." Lord Ashton makes linoleum and a million in Lancaster, and the little hitch between the city and himself has, of course, its rise in the unrestful terms between Labour and Capital.

## DUBLIN THE SOCIETY CENTRE: CELEBRITIES AT THE HORSE SHOW.



1. MR. MCNEILE, AND LADY MILBANK.

4. SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, BT., AND  
LADY ARNOTT.7. LADY WELDON, AND LADY HONOR  
WARD.2. A GROUP INCLUDING THE HON. MRS. BARING, MISS ARNOTT,  
LORD FREDERICK CONYNHAM, AND MR. HAROLD BARING.

5. MRS. IAN MALCOLM, AND THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS.

8. THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER,  
AND THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN.3. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF  
ROSSE.6. VISCOUNT EDNAM, AND MISS  
MCGREGOR.

9. LADY CAREW.

Dublin has recently been the centre of Society, the great Horse Show, which opened at Ballsbridge on Aug. 27, having attracted thither a great assemblage of well-known people. Lord and Lady Iveagh's house-party for the occasion included Lord Kitchener, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, and the Earl and Countess of Rosse. The Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness also invited many guests to Glenmaroon, among them Mr. and Mrs. Ian Malcolm. On the second day of the Show the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Countess drove to it attended by an escort of the 4th Hussars. Viscount Ednam and Lady Honor Ward were among the Viceregal party.

Society was present in force.—[Photographs by Topical.]



BY WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

WHEN London was under water with the rain, Reuter cynically observed, "Perfect weather prevails in Szechuan, a western province of China." What is the good of fine weather in a country where they can neither play cricket nor run down to the seaside for week-ends?



in the year 1912. Perhaps; but there has been such an excellent imitation that it takes an expert to see the difference.

Go to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and if you are good they will show you a specimen of the earliest known example of appendicitis among the ancient Egyptians. Wonderful people those ancient Egyptians! They even had an appendix in their Book of the Dead.



Chicago has reduced by £800 the assessment on a house, owing to the damage inflicted by the groans and shrieks of the family ghost. The valiant City Fathers will now serve a writ on the ghost to recover that £800, or they are no true Yankee hustlers.

#### THE SCHOOL FOR DETECTIVES.

(M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, and M. Hamard, head of the Criminal Investigation Department in Paris, are starting a school for detectives, in which psychology and criminal lore of every kind will be taught.)

When you read Parisian novels you imagine that the French As detectives are both shrewd and scientific, And therefore it will come on you with something of a wrench To hear they're out of date and soporific. M. Hamard and the Prefect are establishing a school Where the students will acquire in their perfection, By precept and by method, by example and by rule, All the principles of up-to-date detection.

They'll identify the burglar by his foot and finger-prints, Of which they've made a gelatine impression, They will recognise instantaneously all the different kinds of dints Made by jemmies and the tools of the profession; They will study locks, and ashes of tobacco and the grate, And name and price cigars by their aroma; For the school will manufacture Sherlock Holmeses while you wait, And guarantee they're real with a diploma.



As a means of avoiding mistakes with poison-bottles it is ingeniously suggested that a pin should be run through the cork, so that anyone handling it would know what it contained. But even when he had discovered the pin in the cork it is doubtful if a man would be really pleased.

Mr. Algernon Ashton, "whose name seems never to be out of the papers," is distressed because Mr. Oscar Hammerstein erected a stone bust of himself outside the London Opera House. But whence these tears? What could be more appropriate than a bust outside an abandoned show?

An American Consul in the West Indies reports on the energy, persistence, and method with which Germany is pushing her trade in the Caribbean ports. And Imperial statistics show that never was so much horse and dog flesh eaten by Germans as at the present time. Query, Cause and Effect?

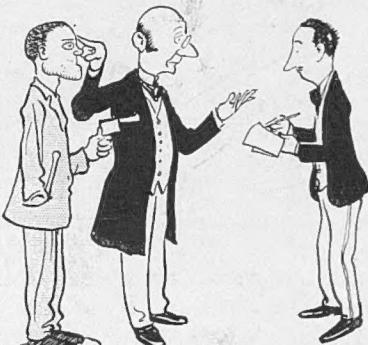
A policeman has been seen in command of a crossing, with upper lip newly shorn and a wisp of side-whisker coyly curling round his ear. Who can doubt any longer that the mode of 1830 is the epitome of manly grace?

"There are about seventy-four thousand foreign seamen now engaged on British ships," remarks one of our informants. What a wise people we are! We get the blamed furriner to do all our dirty work for us.

"Carrots" is the newest shade in the dress-making world this delightfully early autumn. The fact that it is politely called "carotte" does not make it any the less unbecoming to all but black-haired adventuresses.



"Talking," says a Medical Contemporary, "uses up more nerve-force than almost any kind of work." Let us hide our diminished heads, my brothers. Here is yet another proof that women do all the really hard work of the world.



We are all familiar with housemaid's knee, the lawn-tennis elbow, the bicycle glare, and rubber neck, and now we are making acquaintance with the motor-bus spine, which is a jumbled condition of the vertebrae. When he has acquired all these and one or two more, the man of the future will indeed be a thing of beauty.



#### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

(When we grumble at any of the ills we are now suffering from, the optimistic idiot always observes, "It will be all the same a hundred years hence.")

When Halley's comet comes round again in a hundred years or so There are lots of things, we venture to hope, that will make a better show. The Astronomer Royal will put the brake on the phases of the moon, And stop them muddling December up with April, May, and June. And the Clerk of the Weather will get a hint that Whitaker says the rain, When the Almanack shows it's August, should be turned off at the main.

But it's sad to think that we Shall none of us live to see What Halley will find when he comes again in a hundred years or so!

When Halley's comet comes round again in a hundred years or so, He'll find the world is run again by the men who do and know, That the windy and turgid spouter with his budget of half-baked schemes, And the sentimental humbug with his cure-all of empty dreams, And the wastrels who prey upon men with brains are swept into outer gloom By the stern resolve of the few and fit who are armed with the Science broom.

But it's sad to think that we Shall none of us live to see What Halley will find when he comes again in a hundred years or so!



This month the scientists of the British Association are going to tell us that in many cases they do not know where the vegetable ends and the animal begins. The same remark was made by the vegetarian who swallowed a caterpillar with his salad.

## NOT AS RECOGNISED BY THE CHURCH: "CONFIRMATION" DRESS.



INCLUDING ONE WITH A CROSS ON HER APRON: GIRLS OF THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA  
CLAD FOR RITES NO WHITE HAS WITNESSED.

Our correspondent describes the girls as in "confirmation dress." It will be noted that, curiously enough, one of the aprons bears a cross. The word "confirmation" must not, of course, be taken in our sense.



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

**STAGE WEATHER "CONTINUING UNSETTLED": THE RUINOUS SEASON OF 1911-12.**

**The Gloomy Season.**

This week, when the autumn campaign in the theatres is beginning with great severity, it is a little interesting to look back at the enterprises of the past season. The verdict upon 1911-12 is almost as unfavourable as that upon the weather of August. From start to finish we might fairly have applied to it the daily phrase of last month—"Continuing unsettled." Even musical comedy, which once hardly knew failure in London, has suffered. As many as seven works of that class have failed to reach their second century, whilst the average of the eight that have been born and have died during the period is less than a hundred performances: the loss represented by this fact is appalling to contemplate, and, indeed, amounts to a sum quite sufficient to found a London Repertory Theatre. Even the most experienced managers in this class of enterprise tasted the bitters of failure, and the new season starts with only three works of last season belonging to the class; and although, no doubt, "The Sunshine Girl," "Gipsy Love," and "Princess Caprice" will all be successful, none of them has yet been running long enough to be regarded as markedly triumphant: still, "The Sunshine Girl" is not far from its second century. Putting aside musical comedy, one finds eight pieces left over from the past, and of these, two are soon to be withdrawn; whilst another two, "Fanny's First Play" and "Bunty Pulls the Strings," belong to the season before. So we discover that four non-musical works of 1911-12 are running substantially into the new season: "The Glad Eye," of course a big success; "Milestones," of which the same may be said; and "Ann" and "Find the Woman," which have not yet had time to reach their hundredth nights. Therefore, the actually demonstrated big successes are really reduced to two. I am speaking only of the first-class London successes and of new plays, and ignoring works produced for an intentionally and necessarily limited run, such as the pantomimes, "The Hope," at Drury Lane, "The War God," and "Oedipus Rex."

**Moderate Success.** Of course, there are other plays which have had some success; for instance, "Bella Donna," at the St. James's, with 253 performances; "The Bear Leaders," at the Comedy, with 200; and "The Perplexed Husband," "The Marionettes," "The Honeymoon," "The Mind the Paint' Girl," "Rutherford and Son," "Jelf's," and "At the Barn," with an average of something like 150 apiece. We all know that in our days a hundred and fifty performances may mean substantial loss, and cannot produce great profit in the case of works presented according to the customary standard of extravagance, just as we all know that if the theatre

were upon a rational basis, such a run ought to prove quite lucrative. Many reasons have been given for the disastrous character of the season, such as the suggestion that the tendency to reduce expenses by presenting plays with very short casts has had something to do with the matter. It is, of course, a little difficult to say what is a cast of normal length, as regards the number of real characters. The statistician would be very much puzzled, for it often happens that what looks a long cast is really short, since many of the parts are of trifling importance. Still, it is an open secret that in some instances plays have been almost re-written in order to reduce the number of characters and the expense—with disastrous results, as a rule. For, without disparagement to authors or players, one may say that the public generally does not find a work with only three or four real parts sufficiently entertaining for a whole evening's bill. One instance in point from last season was "The Ideal Wife," with only three real characters, which, despite its cleverness, only enjoyed twenty-one performances.

**Picture Palace Competition.**

Another reason alleged is the competition of the picture palaces, which no doubt have drawn to themselves a substantial amount of money that otherwise would have gone to the ordinary playhouse; but, seeing how comparatively small is the number of first-class London theatres to the gigantic permanent and transitory population to which it appeals, it is doubtful whether the explanation has very much in it. Picture palaces or not, the good play well acted finds an abundant audience. This question of the cinematograph has reached such an acute stage that there is even a quite serious agitation for license to open the theatres on Sunday for ordinary performances. However, the opposition is very formidable, and also, I think, has good



PLAYER OF THE GIRL WHO REFUSED TO BE "RIGHTED": MISS EDYTH GOODALL, WHO IS WINNING GREAT SUCCESS IN "HINDLE WAKES," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

There are some who have been asking—apropos of Miss Edyth Goodall's brilliant performance as the peccant Fanny Hawthorn in "Hindle Wakes"—whether actors and actresses are morally bound to refuse to represent characters with whose doings they are not in agreement. Obviously, the reply is in the negative. If it were otherwise, there would be no more stage villains—of either sex! Surely discussion is impossible. Meanwhile, Miss Goodall is adding to her reputation at every performance.

Photograph by Warwick Brookes.



AS KATE HARDCastle IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER": MISS EDYTH GOODALL.

Photograph by Warwick Brookes.



AS FANNY HAWTHORN IN "HINDLE WAKES": MISS EDYTH GOODALL.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## "A PIECE OF LAND SURROUNDED BY WATER": NORWICH ISLE.



1. ROWING ALONG A STREET: A POLICE-BOAT RESCUING INVALIDS.

2. WHY NOT USE A WATERPLANE? MOToring IN PRINCE OF WALES'S ROAD.

3. WADERED FOR HIS WORK: A PHOTOGRAPHER TAKING FLOOD SCENES.

4. FOR COMFORT, KEEP DUCKS! GOING TO FEED THE CHICKENS.

5. THE FLOOD AS THE ROAD-MENDERS' FRIEND: WOODEN BLOCKS IN DUKE STREET RAISED BY THE WATER.

6. THE WATERS OF AFFLICION: TROWSE CHURCH FLOODED.

7. NO FIRE POSSIBLE—SO LET'S PRETEND: IN A FLOODED HOUSE.

Norwich lately became an island, and more than an island—not only what the geography books call "a piece of land surrounded by water," but with water all over it as well. There was a distinct novelty in seeing policemen rowing about the streets in boats, motors ploughing their way through a foot or two of water, and photographers wading about in search of striking subjects for the camera. During the height of the floods in the low-lying parts of the city, communication and transport was effected by boats and rafts. People had to be taken out of their houses through upper windows and conveyed by boat to places of safety. But it's an ill flood that brings nobody good, and the task of repairing the damage will provide many with work, as in the case of the washing away of wood blocks from the roads, which will necessitate the services of road-menders.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.d., Vandek, Farbold.]

# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

ALTHOUGH the King becomes a Presbyterian (according to the Statute Book) while he is in Scotland, his Ministers may retain their respective creeds. They do not even become Scots during the brief period of the attendance upon his Majesty! Mr. Asquith has been quite explicit about his own nationality, and has also inquired into the pedigrees of his Cabinet. "Lord Haldane," he once said, "has got a good deal of Scottish blood in his veins, and Mr. Birrell once claimed the tombstones of certain Scottish ancestors, but I have not seen them. I really am the only one in the trio who could claim not to have one drop of Scottish blood in his veins or Scottish connections in his parentage or associations." But, for all that, Mr.

Asquith in Harris tweeds, with Balmoral heather in his buttonhole, looks more Scottish than either of them, or than his Presbyterian Chief.

*Good Company.* His Majesty is to provide his Ministers - in - attendance with merely the recreation of their fancy: Lord Crewe with grouse, Sir Edward Grey with the run of his rod in the river Dee, and Mr. Lloyd George with golf and a billiard-table—said to interest him

because of its pockets. The King's hospitality does not end there; the more important point of company is considered. And when Lord Crewe travelled to Balmoral the other day, he found

TO MARRY MISS OLIVE MARY SHARP ON SEPT. 5: CAPTAIN C. W. NEUMANN. Captain Neumann, of the 48th Pioneers, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Neumann, of Inchanga, Teignmouth. Miss Sharp is the eldest daughter of Mr. F. W. Sharp, of 2, Richmond Road, Exmouth, and formerly of Waltham St. Lawrence, Twyford.—[Photo by Swaine.]

Lord Rosebery, his father-in-law, making the same journey.

*The Duty of Pleasure.* Lord and Lady Aberdeen have carried through yet another Show Week with their accustomed and even conscientious courtesy and hospitality.

Their success in Dublin is the more considerable because the formalities of Viceregal entertaining are not naturally to their liking; given the time and the place, they take a quicker cut to gaiety. From the diary of a lady who knew them

many years ago is taken a description of an afternoon spent with them at a small farm they owned in England. "There were plenty of people, and all sorts of amusements for children. After tea and Punch and Judy, they all rushed down a steep hill to a hayfield. They had a fine time rolling about in the hay and making haystacks with harmless little pitchforks. Then a cow appeared on the scene, dressed in flowers and ribbons, and the maids made syllabub on the spot." Then one thinks of Dublin mud and the whiffy

Liffey, and the Horse Show for a couple that care nothing for horses! But in Lord Aberdeen devotion to duty is the ruling passion; and Lady Aberdeen realises that you cannot be a Mrs. Belmont, at least, as long as you are a Vicereine.

*Fairs and Fares.* The Duchess of St. Albans carries another rustic memory to Dublin Castle. It was Bernal Osborne, her father, who supported a somewhat nervous political candidate in a manner all his own. A meeting was to take place in a market-place. Bernal Osborne donned a smock-frock and took his place in the crowd. There he asked questions—the right questions. He allowed his friend to

crush him, and, in the process of crushing him, to gain confidence. Nobody saw them take the same cab home. The cab, by the way, was the peg for one of Bernal Osborne's quickest repartees. Once, at a Viceregal party in Dublin, he called to a young woman, whom he knew, to come and sit

by him. "You call me as you would a cab," she said, offended. "At any rate, a hansom cab," he replied, and got his fair.

#### Stag and—Mantle.

It is characteristic of the mood of the moment that Lord St. Levan cannot spear sharks in Mount's Bay without being called to order, and that there is a strong recrudescence of interest in the old question of the ethics of sport as a whole. The morality of deer-stalking, even, is exercising the North. "Not long ago," Mrs. George Cornwallis West has borne witness,

"I saw a young and charming woman, who was not, surely, of a blood-thirsty nature, shoot two stags in one morning. First she crawled on all fours up a long burn, emerging hot and panting, not to say wet and dirty. Crash! Bang! and a glorious animal became a maimed and



SELLING "LUCK" FOR CHARITY: LADY CLEMENTINE WARING ADDING TO HER SUPPLY BY BUYING A STREET MERCHANT'S STOCK, ON HEATHER DAY, IN SCOTLAND.

Lady Susan Elizabeth Clementine Waring, who is President of the Children's League of Pity, is the only daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale. In 1901, she married Captain Walter Waring, M.P., formerly of the 1st Life Guards, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. She has one daughter, Clematis.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP: MRS. PERCY ILLINGWORTH.

Mrs. Illingworth, whose marriage took place in 1907, is the daughter of the late Mr. George Coats, of Staneley, Paisley. Her husband, who has been the Member for the Shipley Division of the West Riding since 1906, has interests other than political, for at one time he was Captain in the Westminster Dragoons.—[Photo, Keturah Collings.]



ENGAGED TO MISS IVY BELL-IRVING: THE HON. IAN COLIN MAITLAND.

Miss Bell-Irving is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bell-Irving, of Rokeby, Barnard Castle. Mr. Maitland is the only son of Viscount and Viscountess Maitland, and a grandson of the Earl of Lauderdale. He was born in 1891.—[Photo by Mayall.]



THE AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLO-INDIANS": MRS. ALICE PERRIN.

Mrs. Perrin, whose new novel, "The Anglo-Indians," is meeting with great appreciation, is the daughter of the late General John Innes Robinson, of the Bengal Cavalry, and sister of Sir Ernest Robinson, fifth Baronet. She has written a number of well-known books, notably "Idolatry," "East of Suez," and "The Spell of the Jungle."

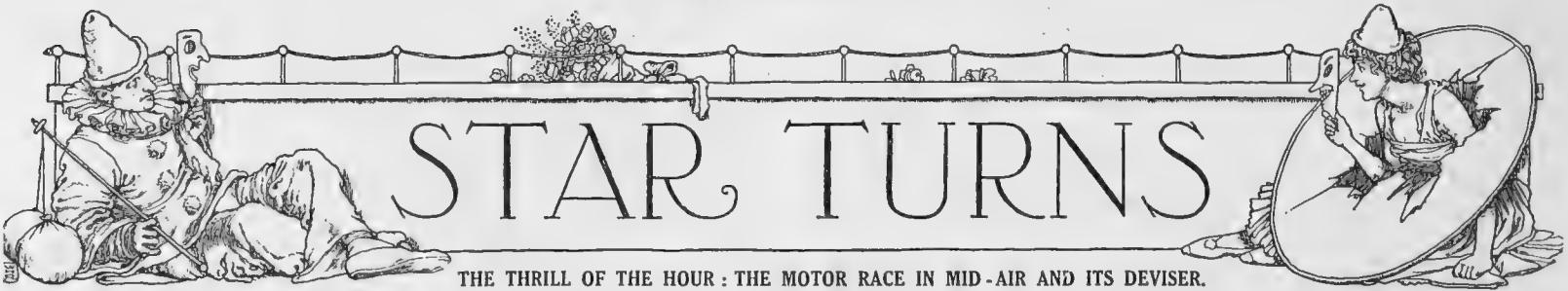
## AFTER 200 YEARS: THE CHIEF OF THE MACLEANS HOME AGAIN.



I. HEADED BY THE MARSHALS, CAPTAIN MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR, CAPTAIN C. W. MACLEAN, AND LIEUTENANT A. C. H. MACLEAN: MEMBERS OF THE CLAN MACLEAN MARCHING TO CASTLE DUART.

2. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE TO WHICH THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN HAS RETURNED AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS: MEMBERS OF THE CLAN MACLEAN ASSEMBLED FOR THE OCCASION.

There were great doings in Mull the other day, when Colonel Sir Donald Fitzroy Maclean, Bt., unfurled his banner, which had not flown over Castle Duart for more than two hundred years. Members of the clan marched to the ancient building in procession, and Captain Maclean of Ardgour knocked thrice on the door, crying, in Gaelic: "The Clan Maclean is waiting without to give you welcome in the castle of your ancestors." In reply, the Chief and Lady Maclean greeted the visitors. Later, after a speech in which he said that he knew that the honour of his banner and of the clan would be safe in their hands, the Chief unfurled that emblem, hoisting it to the top of the castle keep, while a piper played the Chief's salute and the clan march. Amongst the four hundred present was Kaid Sir Harry Maclean. Sir Donald Maclean purchased the castle some time back and has had it restored. As we have noted, it was in alien hands for over two hundred years.—[Photographs by Topical.]



THE Big Circus in "Shakespeare's England" has the great thrill of the hour, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. C. B. Cochran, its managing director, and the inventive genius of M. Emile Noiset. As most people know, the two cars start simultaneously from the top of an inclined plane which curves upwards at the bottom. Arrived there, they fly upwards into the air and land on a platform some fifteen yards away. In their flight in the air, the car which starts in front leaps higher than the other, so that the latter actually reaches the platform before it, thus winning the race.



A "COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG" BILL POSTERS OF A COMPANY PLAYING THE POPULAR DALY'S PIECE AT OSAKA.

The Bandmann Opera Company, the first English Company to appear there, is playing all the George Edwardes productions in Osaka. The photograph shows bills outside the theatre; that on the left announces "Count of Luxembourg, from Daly's Theatre, London"; the longer one gives a description of the company, with their répertoire, etc.

hibition work. Later on, M. Noiset's two brothers and his sister joined him, and the Noiset family became the most renowned cyclists on the Continent. M. Emile Noiset took up track racing, and for two years held the championship of Paris. When the safety bicycle came out, he was the first to adapt it to the stage, and many of the most difficult tricks now performed by cyclists, like lifting the front wheel and riding only on the back, were first done by him. It would not be accurate to say he was the first man to loop the loop on a bicycle. He was, however, the first successful performer of that thrilling act, for the man who did it first was killed within three weeks. Under the name of Mephisto, M. Noiset, however, did it

loop in which he made a leap on his bicycle of some fifteen yards in the air. He was, likewise, the first bicyclist to ride up the spiral on a single wheel, as he was the first to ride the Joy Wheel on a bicycle.

Although M. Noiset does not ride in public in either of the cars at Earl's Court, as he considers it essential to be at the top of the track to see that all is in perfect order, he did ride in the numerous preliminary experiments which he made before the act was exhibited. Naturally, there was not a little danger attached to these experiments, but danger is a thing which M. Noiset has ignored all his life, and he does not know the meaning of the word fear.

His first accident on the bicycle happened when he was only three. He was riding on the *plage* at Ostend when the wind blew him over with such violence that his arm was broken. Later, when riding the half-wheel on the stage, he fell and broke his arm again. At the time he was looping the loop, he was examined by the celebrated Professor Metchnikoff, who told him that the strain was such that he could not live for more than two years even if he were not killed before by an accident. As a matter of fact, an accident very nearly killed him on the occasion of his first looping the loop in public. It was at a Press rehearsal. The light was bad, and he was thrown and badly hurt in the thigh. But, in spite of his injuries, and against the doctor's orders, he insisted on appearing the next night, and brought off the act with great success on that and succeeding nights.

It was looping the broken loop which gave M. Noiset the idea for the flying motor race. After innumerable experiments with the model he gave a contract for the apparatus to be made full size. It was to be delivered in two months, and was to cost twenty-five thousand francs. Instead, it took two years to make, and cost ninety thousand francs before it could be shown in public. M. Noiset found that the full-sized cars did not act like the models. The first time he tried them, the front car turned two somersaults in the air before it fell, while the hind car jumped much too far and smashed through a door at the end of the building in which the experiment was made.

It took something like sixty experiments before the apparatus was finally perfected. These experiments were very expensive, for the cars constantly came into collision and did damage which cost from one to two thousand francs or even more to repair. Now, however, the apparatus is absolutely perfect, for Earl's Court; but if the motor race were to be run in the open air, instead of under cover, another set of experiments would have to be made to determine the relation of the different parts, so as to ensure a perfect performance. These rehearsals, it need hardly be said, are made with weighted cars, for M. Noiset refuses to take any risks which can be avoided.

The winning car is ridden by Mlle. Astoria. She is a well-known Italian singer who appeared at the Coliseum under the name of Signora Ida Bella. She is fascinated by the ride through the air, although the shock she receives when the car alights on the platform is very great. Indeed, the jolting has bruised her body a great deal, for as the car falls she gets hit in the back as well as on the chest and knees. It is impossible for her to describe the sensation she feels as she goes through the air. Fear, of course, has no part in it, but there is a moment when, as M. Noiset says, "You don't know that you are in the world at all, for everything seems at a standstill." This can be readily imagined, for one of the men who has seen the act every time it has been done, and who should surely have that contempt for it which the proverb says comes from familiarity, has been heard to declare that he "wouldn't do it for a hundred pounds a time."

Most people who see the act will probably agree with him.



THE ELIZABETH SYDENHAM OF "DRAKE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

in various forms for five years. Some eight years ago, he circled the circle on a bicycle at the Alhambra, and gave that popular house a sensation which drew crowds for three months. Later on, desiring to add still more excitement to his act, M. Noiset devised the broken



THE NATHANIEL JEFFCOTE OF "HINDLE WAKES," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MR. HERBERT LOMAS.

Photograph by Warwick Brookes.

NEW LAID, 50 FOR 1s.; FRESH, 30 FOR 1s.



THE CUSTOMER: Please, Sir, I've brought these eggs back, and Muvver says you said they was laid to-day,  
so she wants to-morrow's eggs, 'cos these are somelink awful.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

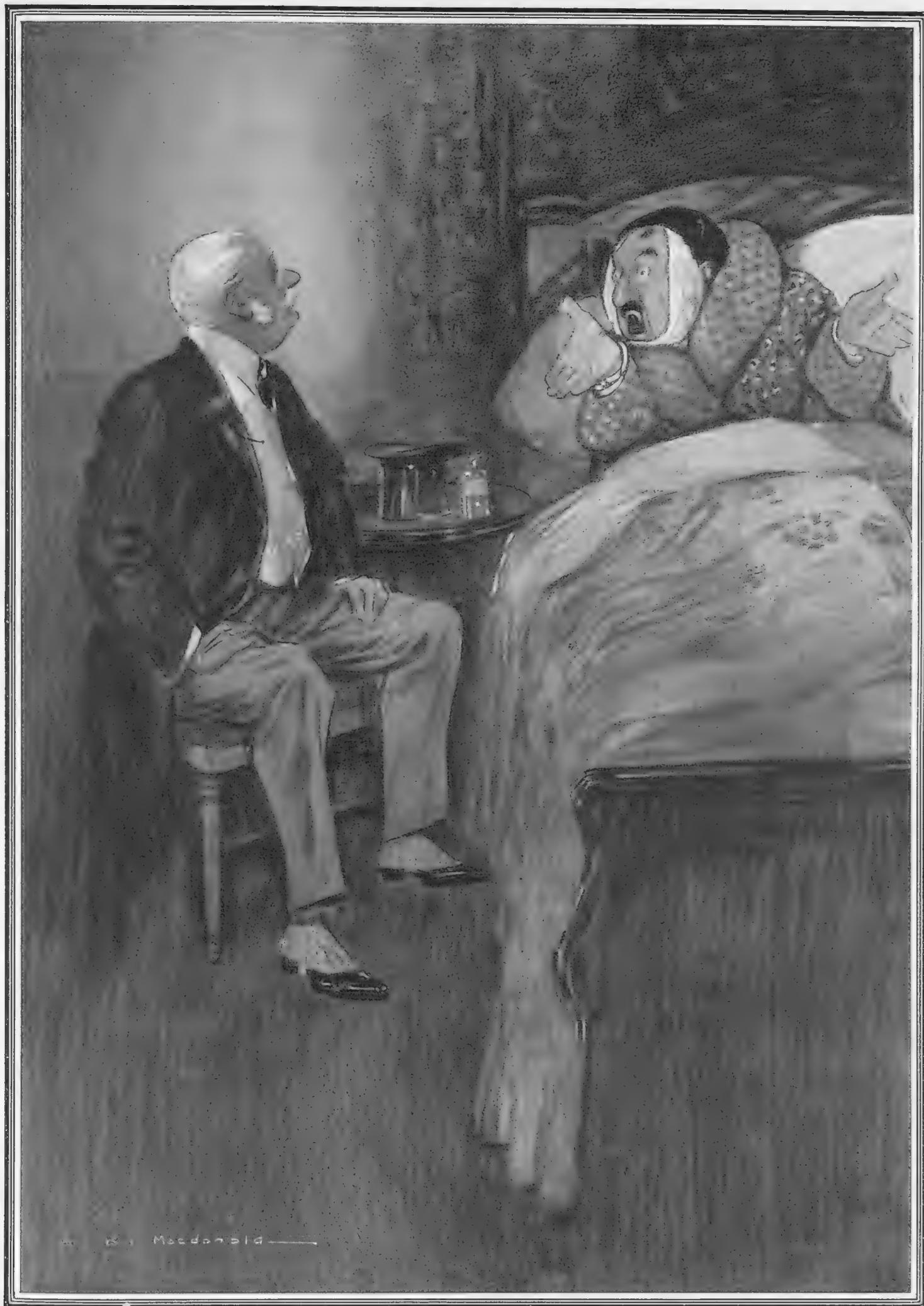
## SHADES OF THE THIRTIES! THE RETURN OF FACE FUNGI.



WHEN WHISKERS BECOME THE VOGUE: POLITICIANS AS WE MAY SEE THEM BEFORE LONG.

DRAWN BY L. STRUBE.

## A CASE FOR DISCOUNT.



SCHWINDELBAUM: Vot! You charge me fife shilling for der visit!

THE DOCTOR: Yes; that is my regular fee for all patients.

SCHWINDELBAUM: Ja, ja; but I haf introduce der disease into der neigpournood.



**THE PUBLISHER TURNED AUTHOR : MR. GRANT RICHARDS DISCOVERS MR. GRANT RICHARDS, NOVELIST.\***

Mr. Grant Richards  
and the Amiable  
Charles.

Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, has discovered a new author, Mr. Grant Richards. He is closely related to his "find," who has been his best friend for some years, but it is evident that this fact did not bias him when he came to judge his work. "Caviare" should, and will, sell. It may be recommended as suited not only to the gourmet but to "the general." It is of excellent quality, and about—well, almost entirely about the Amiable Charles, known to the pages of the Peerages as the Hon. Charles Caerleon. Now, the Amiable One had two cold passions—"his passion for romance, the romance of which for him the symbols were the next season's hats and frocks, the face of the cards, the roll of the ball; and his passion for the table, the white table, the white table where he would sit by the hour and discuss wines and salads and dishes with earnest *maîtres d'hôtel*, and where sometimes—just often enough—he would capture the rare feeling that he was not living in vain." He was halting in Paris, on his way South, when the Goddess of Chance decided to ape the match-making mother. Hesitating as to whether it would be wise to buy shirts by electric light and deciding to dine with much care and comfort at a café of great repute, he found himself in collision with a large American, who had walked sideways into him, "and had as nearly knocked him down as would be seemly at so fashionable an hour in so fashionable a thoroughfare." There were apologies. The affair was a commonplace. Afterwards it was to become a great deal more. Charles had ordered a *fine de la maison* and a cigar, when the matter materialised. Into the café came the American of the Place de l'Opéra encounter, and not alone. "Charles turned his head an eighth of an inch to see of what stuff she might be made. . . . The American's companion was a lady. That took Charles but a second to decide. And in the same second he knew that she was pretty—yes, very pretty. Later he came to know that she was beautiful, lovely." Others in the place sought to sum her up also. A Frenchman and a *maître d'hôtel* made a mistake. The first wrote on a card, the second slipped it into the American girl's hand as he helped her on with her cloak. Charles felt that he had forfeited the title so generally given him. His amiability lost, he touched the American on the shoulder and uttered a word of warning explanation. "Poppa's" reply was brief. Putting his daughter under the escort of Charles, he asked that she might be taken to the waiting car. When he himself reached it three minutes afterwards his knuckles were bruised and had broken skin; and signs of a riotous few seconds were being removed from the dining-room.

That meant friendship between Mr. Gorham, Miss Gorham, and Mr. Charles Caerleon; and invitations. Thus it came about that the Amiable One and his new-found acquaintances supped at a fashionable night restaurant an evening or two later, not altogether to the



"RICHARD DEHAN," OTHERWISE  
MISS CLOTILDE GRAVES, THE  
AUTHOR OF "THE DOP DOCTOR"  
AND "BETWEEN TWO THIEVES."

"Richard Dehan's" new book, "Between Two Thieves," is being very well received. "The Dop Doctor," it will be recalled, was an enormous success. Miss Clotilde Graves is no new hand at fiction-writing, but "The Dop Doctor" was the first work she published as "Richard Dehan," and for a considerable time none save the very few who knew associated her with that novel.

Photograph by Samuels.

delight of Charles, who was well aware of its reputation. Two clouds darkened the event: Mr. Gorham drank over-well and became obstinate; and there was a little misunderstanding about a beauty in distress and a captivating blue turban with a white aigrette set at a most provocative angle. Charles was gallant, but quite innocent. Yet Alison Gorham "cooled." Worse was to come. "Poppa," flushed, insisted that the party should see sunrise from the Sacré Coeur. Nothing would alter his determination. They were stopped, however, by "the wooden barricade which is presumably put up for the very purpose of dissuading old fools like Mr. Gorham from endangering their precious lives and still more precious purses by coming up to look over Paris by night, or to see the sun rise over the Seine." Nothing remained but to taxi home. A car came towards them and then its engine stopped. The chauffeur got down and began to tinker. Charles noted that the driver had a companion who remained on his seat. Mr. Gorham was invited to get in. He did so. Then Charles caught a glimpse of the face of the man on the box, did not like it, remembered cab bandits, flung the chauffeur aside, called Mr. Gorham to get out, and knocked the second man off his seat into the road. Meantime, the chauffeur was in his place again and driving away. In the hand of the fallen man was a revolver. Mr. Gorham mounted guard while Alison and Charles fetched the police. When they returned, the "Apache" had disappeared. Mr. Gorham confessed subsequently that he had let him go, recognising him as one of a gang paid by his Wall Street rival, "Old Man Pyle," who doubtless wanted to kidnap him and hold him away from the cables while he worked his wicked will on "Change unembarrassed by the telegraphic instructions sent at least twice daily by his market enemy.

**The Amiable One Makes a Million.** After all this, who can wonder that Charles asked permission to seek Alison in matrimony? He was refused—by Poppa, who insisted that he must look for work, put his back into it when he found it, and ask again in a year. Thus it came about that Caerleon went to New York, although Mr. Gorham was neatly captured in Paris by the Pyle people. En route, he put in some time at Monte Carlo and won five thousand pounds or so (to add to the capital which was bringing him in about twelve hundred a year). His luck followed him to the States: he met the lady of the blue turban again, and she, in gratitude, gave him the tip to buy Michigan and Illinois. He was a gambler and he obeyed blindly. First result, a profit to him of one million three hundred and forty-three thousand pounds, seventeen shillings, and fourpence—the fruit of five thousand pounds—and the ruin of Mr. Gorham. Second result, the saving of Poppa's credit by a gift of six-and-a-half million dollars. Third result, the wedding of Alison and Charles—on a capital income. That is a brief outline of the plot, and must not be taken to suggest a sensational novel: humour is its chief characteristic, and it is lightness itself. For the Amiable Charles alone we would not have missed reading it.



THE PUBLISHER-AUTHOR : MR. GRANT RICHARDS.

Mr. Grant Richards' novel, "Caviare," is dealt with on this page.

Photograph by T. and R. Annan.

\* "Caviare." By Grant Richards. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

## LET WELL ALONE.



THE INN-KEEPER (*making up a guest's bill*): The first time I made it thirteen shillings; now I make it seventeen.

Just come and add it up, my dear, and see if you can get it right.

HIS BETTER HALF: Oh, why not let it go as it is—I might make it thirteen again.



## THE LOVE-PROMOTERS.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

"Dears," breathed Mrs. Veralour ecstatically.

"Where?" said Elizabeth, waking up so suddenly that she nearly fell out of the hammock.

"Deer," I corrected, "there's no change in the plural, Mrs. Veralour. And, anyhow, there aren't any deer about here; those are probably sheep that you see."

"You ought to keep in the shade more on a day like this," said Mrs. Veralour insultingly; "it's too hot for you in the sun without a hat."

"You see, your hair isn't as thick as it used to be," added Elizabeth, thinking to be unkind.

"This is sarcasm," I affirmed, sitting up; "I can tell by the look on your face." I took my last cigarette from the case, and evading Elizabeth's grab, lit it. "By the way, what were we talking about (you can blow the match out if you like, Elizabeth), does anybody know?"

Mrs. Veralour, who is very forgiving, indicated a young man and a girl seated at the other end of the lawn.

"Aren't they a picture?" she demanded admiringly.

"Um," I said, "I don't care much for the chap's socks myself." I hitched my own trousers up a little higher—French grey with silver clocks; some men have a natural taste for socks; some let their female relatives choose them. "It's young Foster, isn't it?"

"Yes, and Daisy Markham. Don't they look—" she paused and searched for a suitable word—"peaceful" was the best she could do. "Don't they look peaceful?"

"Peaceable, anyhow—or else they're both sulking. They haven't spoken once to each other since we've been sitting here."

"I expect their thoughts are too deep for words," said Elizabeth, seeking to encourage Mrs. Veralour.

"I think it's a sign how well people get on together when they don't have to talk much," declared Mrs. Veralour. "It's only strangers who have to chatter to each other all the time. You'll generally find that the greater the friends the less they say to each other."

"Or the less they say to each other, the greater the friends," I observed. "Yes, there's something in that."

Mrs. Veralour gave a sigh of despair.

"Why is it," she asked plaintively, "that it is always stupid people who try to be clever? Clever people are generally quite content to be stupid. It's awfully trying, talking to a man who is always trying to make you mean what you didn't say."

"Don't let's take any notice of him, Mrs. Veralour," suggested Elizabeth, "and then perhaps he'll get tired of being clever, and become sensible."

"People are born sensible, my dear Elizabeth," I said; "it is only cleverness that is achieved. The one is a birthright, the other an accomplishment."

"Say something, Mrs. Veralour," entreated Elizabeth; "if we encourage him by listening, he'll never stop."

"Er—" said Mrs. Veralour, her stream of conversation running dry at this critical moment, "er—"

"To 'er' is human," I said consolingly, "when speaking to order."

"I told you so," cried Elizabeth despairingly.

"As I was saying just now," said Mrs. Veralour, obviously fighting for time, and trying to remember what it was she had said just now, "er—oh, I know. I was saying, don't Daisy Markham and Mr. Foster make an ideal couple?"

"And as I was saying just now," I said, to show that my remarks were quite as worthy of being repeated as her own, "there's nothing in young Foster to make any girl leave a comfortable home for Daisy Markham, now—" I paused as I caught Elizabeth's eye, and

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continued less enthusiastically; "that is, if I admired that type of girl, she's the sort of girl I should admire."

"They're a perfect couple," affirmed Elizabeth, eyeing me suspiciously. "Daisy Markham is a very ordinary sort of girl, but Mr. Foster is just splendid."

"It's a great pity he's so bashful," murmured Mrs. Veralour regretfully.

"Bashful?" I echoed. I had played billiards with young Foster on several occasions. "What makes you think that he's bashful?"

"He must be, else he'd have proposed before this."

"Great Scott, you women! Your conceit! If you're married and a man doesn't make love to you, he's bashful; if you're single and he doesn't propose, he's bashful. How about me? I haven't proposed to her, and I've known her longer than Foster has. Am I bashful?"

"Well, you're engaged," pointed out Mrs. Veralour.

"You can go and propose this minute," said Elizabeth coldly. "I don't mind."

"I don't want to," I protested. "I was only illustrating. Just because she's pretty—" I corrected myself; "just because some people might think her pretty, that's no reason for Foster wanting to marry her. If I hadn't been engaged to Elizabeth I shouldn't want to marry Daisy; I should have looked round for somebody as like Elizabeth as a woman could be, and thrown myself away on her."

"It's different, you two," said Mrs. Veralour, which, of course, was no more than a friend should have said. "But with an ordinary couple, if the girl's just moderately pretty, and the man isn't too awful, it's just a question of opportunity. Throw 'em together enough, and then the supper dance, or getting jealous, or just anything out of the ordinary, and they'll get engaged fast enough."

"Good Lord," I said, "what simply ghastly ideas you have about love!" I glanced at Elizabeth with a sudden apprehension. "Great heaven—" I paused suddenly with a sigh of relief. "No, it's all right, I remember. We were playing croquet when I proposed, and anybody who could call croquet exciting—"

"Yes, well I've said you were different. It is true, though, isn't it, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth studied me from the corner of her eye before replying.

"Well," she said at last, almost reluctantly, "of course—if you never—have an opportunity—well, of course, you can't propose."

"Young people are like champagne," explained Mrs. Veralour, who dislikes the stuff because the corks make her jump; "they have to be shaken up to make them pop."

"All champagnes don't have to be shaken," I interposed mildly. I reflected for a moment over her simile. "We must have been bottled in a good year, Elizabeth," I said, somewhat pleased. "Ask for the Croquet brand, and refuse substitutes, eh?"

"Croquet brand?" echoed Elizabeth, staring. The great disadvantage of being subtle is that if people don't know what one means they very seldom understand what one says.

"The only thing is," went on Mrs. Veralour, who by never listening to me contrives to understand me fairly well, "how can we shake them up?"

"I'm not doing any shaking, thank you," I interposed hurriedly. "Count me out. Pick me out a nice lemon and let me sit in a corner by myself. You talk of love as if it were a bottle of medicine. No man ought to need shaking before being taken."

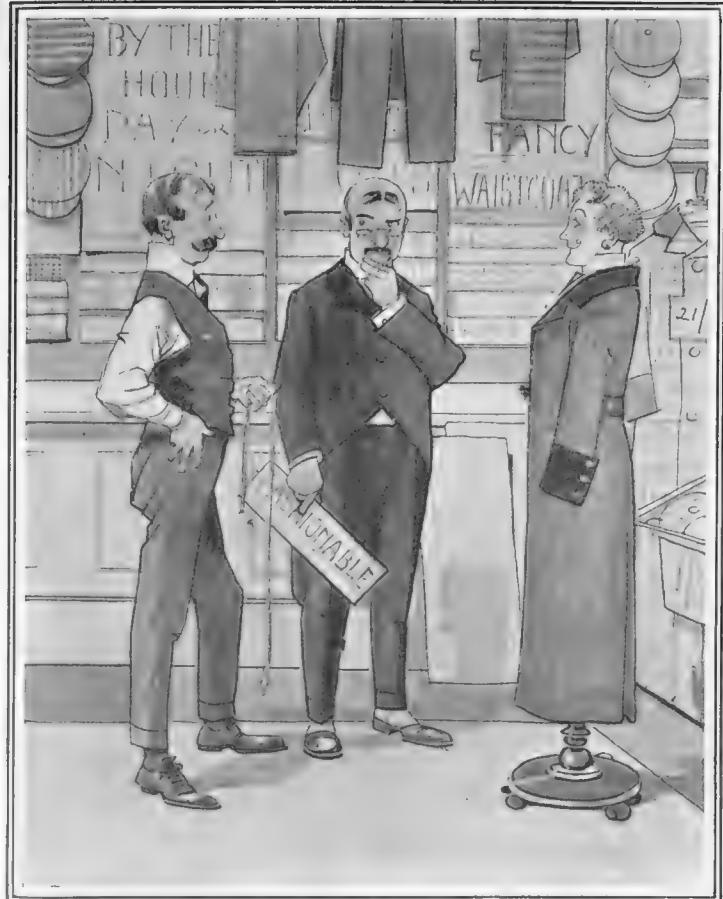
"One way," she continued thoughtfully, ignoring my protest, "would be for him to save her life."

"Excellent," I said heartily. "Gratitude is always a sure card. You've a perfect genius for thinking of these things, Mrs. Veralour."

Mrs. Veralour looked pleased.

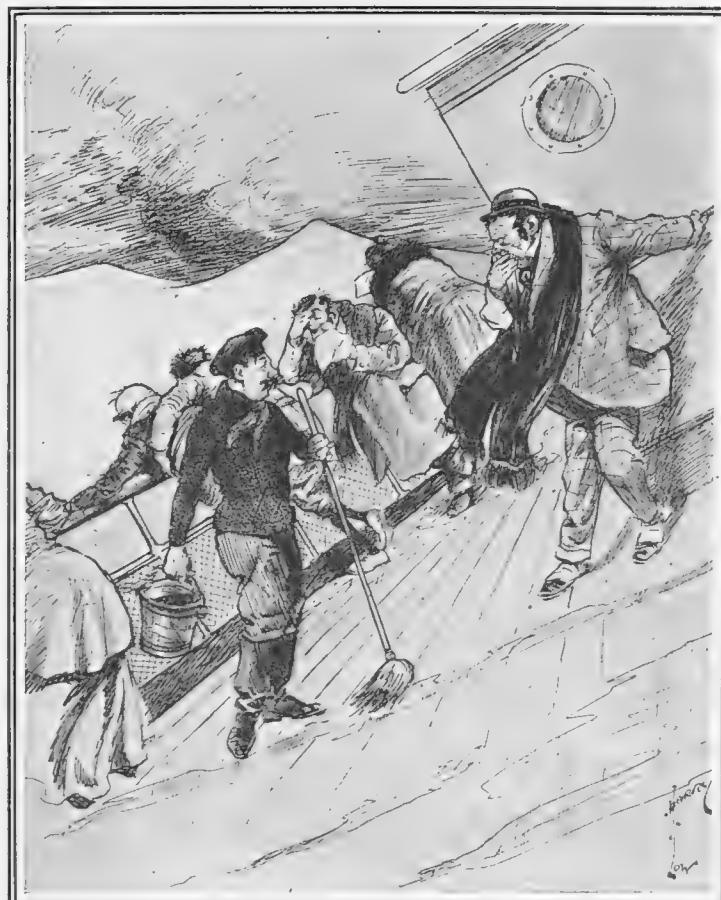
[Continued overleaf.]

## A QUARTET.



THE WARDROBE DEALER : We can't mark this "Fashionable"; it's too shabby.  
THE ASSISTANT : No; better label it "Much Worn."

DRAWN BY HEBBELTHWAITE.



THE FARMER (to the deck hand) : An' a bloomin' lot your Captain knows about his business. 'E ain't got the fust idea of keeping in the furrows.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



DIR FRAU (who has slipped on the water's edge) : Fritz! Fritz! Do hurry,  
I'm sure I shall be carried out to sea.

DRAWN BY LAURIE TAYLER.



THE GUN : Then you—er aren't a rabbit; I'm sorry.  
THE TARGET : No 'arm done, Sir; expect I'd 'a been as safe if I'd been a helephant.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

"The only difficulty I see," I pursued pensively, "will be to find out the exact time she's going to lose it."

"Don't be ridiculous—you know very well what I mean. We must arrange something for her to be rescued from."

"If we only could," sighed Elizabeth, clasping her hands.

"How about a little fire?" I suggested. "It's an old house; it ought to burn well. I daresay our host is insured."

"Robbers," proposed Elizabeth brightly, without really giving Mrs. Veralour time to express her appreciation of my idea.

"Me as the masked ruffian! The assailant, who rallied temporarily, after being probed for the ninth bullet, is understood to have whispered that it was all a mistake." I think not, Elizabeth, thank you."

"I've got it—the river!" cried Mrs. Veralour. "Why not let him take her out in a boat?"

"Where's the danger in that? Can't he row?"

"Well, they might have an accident," she said hopefully.

"Couldn't you be out in a boat, too, Dick?" said Elizabeth persuasively, "and run them down?"

"I don't think I could quite manage that," I said, with charming modesty; "you see, I'm not what you could call a good oarsman. Besides, there's the risk of me falling in, too."

"Well, you can swim, can't you?"

"With one foot on the bottom," I declared proudly, "I take some beating. But I'm afraid the river about here is too deep for my style."

"I've an idea," cried Mrs. Veralour; "leave it to me. I think I shall be able to manage it."

"Good. But look here—oughtn't we to get some sort of guarantee from young Foster that he'll play up? It'll be no good our getting Daisy Markham to sink for the third time, if Foster suddenly feels that he ought to run home and ask his mother if she thinks she can really spare him."

"All men aren't such cowards as you—" she hesitated, and then decided to add, "think."

"It's not always a question of pluck, you know, Mrs. Veralour. It isn't only courage that makes the hero. I once saw a girl fall in the water, and no fewer than seven men jumped in after her. The water was pretty deep at the spot, and she had an awful job saving them. She was the only one of the lot who could swim."

"Of course, he can swim. Why, his father was a champion swimmer of his day."

"That's all right then; you see, I didn't know it was hereditary."

On the following afternoon Mrs. Veralour dashed up in a state of considerable excitement.

"They're just getting into the boat," she whispered. "Hurry up."

"I've loosened the plug in the bottom," she explained, as we

hurried down to the river. "As soon as their weight is in, it'll float loose."

Hiding ourselves behind some bushes, we watched them push off. Foster was not what I should call a good oarsman, and what with the excitement of getting the boat into mid-stream, and losing one of his oars as soon as he got there, the boat was filling rapidly before either of them noticed anything amiss.

"Bravo!" murmured Mrs. Veralour, as Daisy Markham, instead of helping Foster jam the plug in again, and giving a hand with the baling, clung to his arms.

When the boat went down, even Mrs. Veralour realised that swimming was not, after all, an hereditary accomplishment.

She had pictured Foster clasping Miss Markham to his arms as they went down for the first time. He did that all right, but it was the clasp of a drowning man. I am not one of Foster's admirers—his taste in socks is the last word—but I will give him his due: he let go as soon as they came to the surface again. It takes a rotten swimmer like myself to appreciate the self-control of that.

Happily, the river was not quite so deep as I feared. By the time I was out of my depth, I was almost within reaching distance of them; also I was lucky enough to seize an oar as it floated by.

Miss Markham could swim a little, so that I got her ashore without much difficulty. I had more trouble over Foster, however, and if Daisy hadn't waded in again to help me, I should never have got him out.

Then I left them and went over to where Elizabeth and Mrs. Veralour were hindering one another trying to unchain one of the other boats.

"Oh, Dick," said Elizabeth, "how could you?"

"Look here, Mrs. Veralour," I cried, "I've had enough of your match-making tricks. Look at me, *sopping!* Why, I'm old enough to get rheumatism through this."

I looked at Elizabeth, who, inclined to be hysterical, was making herself damp up against me, and decided she wanted bracing up.

"Besides, hang it, I shall have to marry the girl now."

Elizabeth suddenly realised how wet I was, and let go.

"Oh!" she said.

Mrs. Veralour looked nonplussed for a moment.

"You've blighted my life," I went on, rubbing it in; "as a match-maker you're a miserable failure."

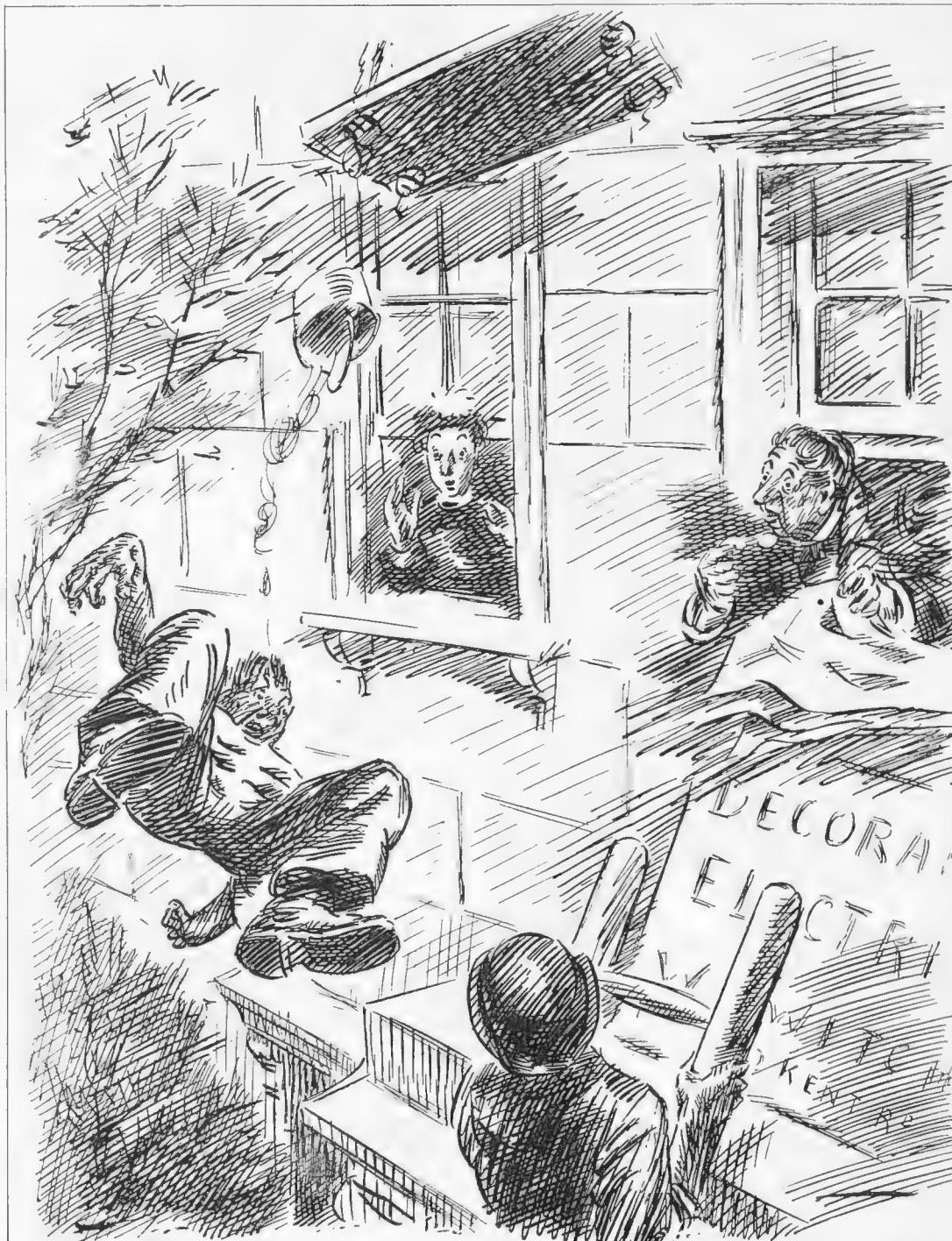
For a further moment Mrs. Veralour seemed inclined to agree, until, glancing back over her shoulder, she brightened up.

"Nonsense," she said, with that self-confidence that accepts even defeat as victory, "I never make a mistake. Don't look round."

"Why not?" I asked. "Aren't they even speaking to each other?"

"No-o, I don't think they're speaking very much. They seem to be—er—squeezing the damp out of one another."

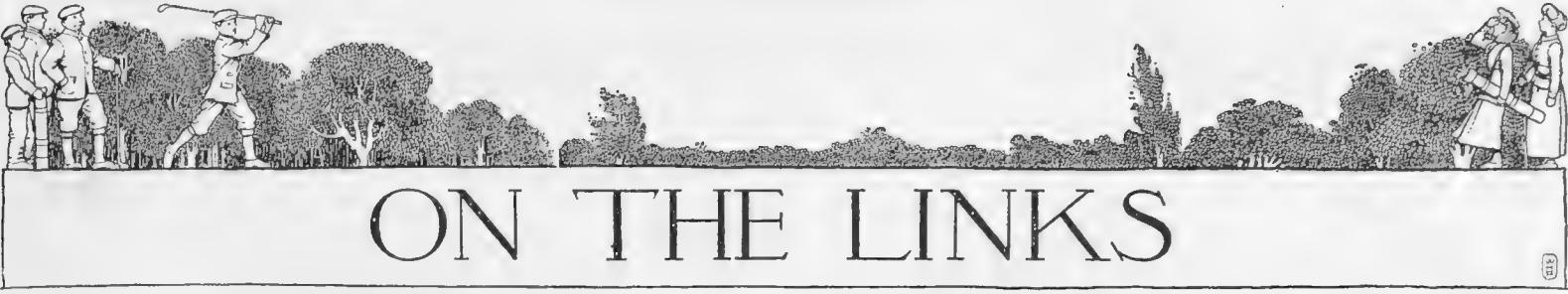
THE END.



THE OPTIMIST.

"Aw' right so far, cullies."

[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]



## ON THE LINKS

TERRORS OF THE POND AND "THE HOLLYHOCK COP": THE SCENE OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The American Championship. Some preliminary mention was made last week of the event which is now attracting chief attention among golfers in the oldest golfing country, despite that it is taking place in another hemisphere, and a little matter of between four and five thousand miles from London—namely, at Wheaton, near Chicago, where the amateur championship of the United States is being fought for by, among others, our own British Mr. Hilton, who is the holder of that same American championship, and by Mr. Norman Hunter. Of course, Wheaton is inland, and the golf links there are purely inland in character, but as such the course is a very good one, and quite one of the best in the middle States, as is partly indicated in the fact that, though they have no championship course rota in America, as we have in this country, and are free to go each year to any place that they please, this is the third time in seven years that the championship has been played there. The event took place there for the first time in 1897, when the victor was Mr. H. J. Whigham. The next time was in 1905, when Mr. Chandler Egan, largely by virtue of his magnificent recoveries from the long grass which, very thick and tough, borders the fairway all the way through, became the champion. Then, in 1909, it was played there again, Mr. Gardner winning in the final against Mr. Egan.

**The Pond Holes at Wheaton.** The course belongs to the Chicago Golf Club, and is twenty-eight miles from the city, on the Chicago and North-Western line. Although it is flat and rather parky, it makes an interesting piece of golfing land, and there are some excellent holes upon it. When the weather is hot and dry the ground becomes very hard and the ball gets a tremendous run, but if there is any wet the going is really heavy. Since the last championship was held at this place the course has been considerably lengthened, so that now it is over 6500 yards, and a number of extra bunkers have been put in and the golf generally made more difficult than it was. In 1909 the full length of the course was 6197 yards, and the longest holes on it were the first,

on the side next the green, to prevent a ball from gliding off the water on to the green—a thing that sometimes happened before the new hazard was made. There are sand-pits on the right and left of the green, and rough grass beyond it. The tenth hole has been made very puzzling and difficult by the erection of a large mound right in front of the green, the said mound having been planted all over with hollyhocks and going by the name of "the Hollyhock Cop." To the left of this a sunken trap has been constructed, consisting of small irregular mounds covered with rough grass, and this affair will generally catch a shot that has been played in that direction with a view to avoiding the hollyhocks.

A Thorough System.

Until a few weeks since the record of the course stood at 69, made by Mr. W. J. Travis on an occasion when he declared that he had played some of the best golf in his life and had done every shot just as he wished to do it. Just lately, however, Mr. "Chick" Evans, who is a Chicago golfer, and is at home on this course, lowered the record to 68. Mr. Evans will be a rather good favourite for this championship. The American event is determined on a system that is quite different

from that adopted in our own amateur championship, but the changes that are being advocated in regard to the latter, and which will probably be made before long, will make it very much like the other. At present, undoubtedly, the American event makes the better test, and there is only one weak spot in the system. On the Monday of the championship week all the players do one round of score play, and at the end of the day the top sixty-four are qualified for the next ordeal, all those below them going out. On the Tuesday morning the sixty-four play another round by strokes, and the best thirty-two go forward, the others being done for. After this it is all match-play, and on the Tuesday afternoon the thirty-two play the first round, which is of eighteen holes, and so reduce the number of players to sixteen, and these sixteen play thirty-six-hole matches against each other to the end, which comes on the Saturday, the competitors being reduced



THE SORT OF THING MANY GOLFERS HAVE HAD TO DO OF LATE:  
PLAYING OUT OF WATER.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



UNDER SIXTEEN—AND FAVOURED BECAUSE THEIR EMPLOYMENT DOES NOT CALL FOR THE PROVISION OF INSURANCE STAMPS: SMALL BOY CADDIES.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

fourth, sixth, thirteenth, and eighteenth, all of which were over four hundred yards, the sixth being 545. There are only two short holes, these being the ninth and tenth, which measure 171 and 130 yards, respectively. The ninth is one of the strong features of the round, the shot having to be played over a pond to a green that is particularly well guarded, and which comes right up to the edge of the water. A high bunker has been placed along the bank of the pond



WHERE THE INSURANCE TAX TROUBLETH NOT AND THE CADDIE IS DUTY FREE! PUTTING ON THE ENTEBBE GOLF COURSE, UGANDA.

*Photograph by Hattersley.*

to eight on Wednesday night, four on Thursday night, and two on Friday night. The weak spot referred to is the single-round matches played on Tuesday afternoon, which, in the circumstances of the case, are an anomaly; but the difficulty cannot be got rid of while the whole of the first day is occupied by the single round of stroke-play, unless the tournament were made to begin on the previous Saturday.

HENRY LEACH.

## SICKLE, BASKET, AND BALL: THE NEW GAME, "AÉRO-BALL."



ABOUT TO THROW A BALL.

The hand is held as near as possible to the basket. The player watches the ball closely.



ABOUT TO CATCH A BALL.

The knees are bent. The basket follows the trajectory of the ball. The arm is so held that the return may be swift.



TAKING A BALL BEHIND THE HEAD.

The player bends well backwards, but not so far that he cannot return the ball with ease.



THROWING A BALL.

The player launches the ball, keeping the point of the "racquet" up that the ball may not fly too low.



CATCHING A SHORT BALL.

The player is bending forward to catch a ball which is falling short of him, but keeps his ground.



TRYING NOT TO LOSE A POINT.

The player is lunging from his ground to save a point by catching a ball before it touches the ground.

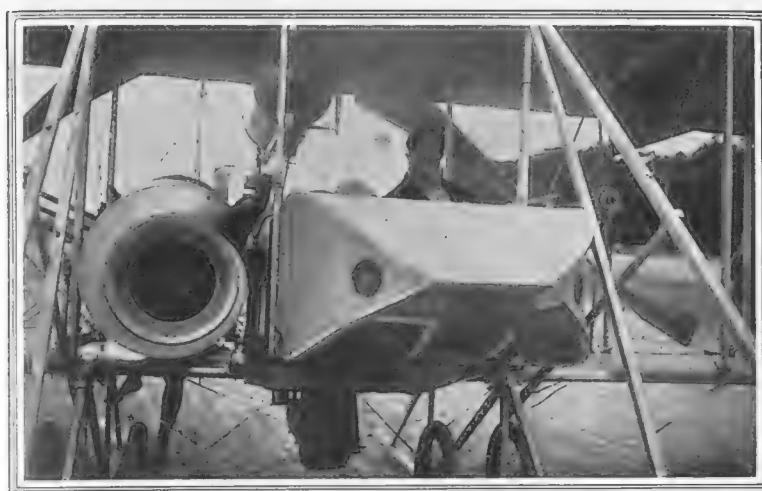
France, ever ingenious in such matters, has found a new outdoor game—"Aéro-ball." The photographs give a good idea of the "racquet," which has a wooden handle, a sickle-shaped "blade," consisting of two "rails," which meet at the most forward point and are well shown in the last illustration; and a bottomless basket for the reception of the ball, which is that used ordinarily for lawn-tennis. The business of the player is, of course, to throw the ball from the "sickle" towards his opponent, whose endeavour it is to catch it in the basket and throw it back to be caught by him who first launched it; and so on. Suppose four people are playing, and are represented by the figures 1 to 4. First of all, two rectangles—each some 13 yards wide by 11 yards long—are marked on the ground, 20, 30, 40, or 50 yards apart, according to the skill of the players; and each of these is divided into two. In each division stands a player. No. 1 sends a ball from his division into that occupied by No. 3; No. 3 catches it, and throws it back to No. 2; No. 2 catches it, and throws it to No. 4; and so on. Each pair start with 120 points to their credit. A game consists of 60 serves, 30 for each side. Those who lose the fewer points win. Two points are lost by the player whose ball goes beyond the rectangle occupied by his opponents; and two by the player who fails to catch a ball properly thrown to him while he is in his allotted ground. One point is lost if the ball served falls into the wrong division of the rectangle; one if the ball is caught on the rebound instead of direct. A tennis-ball may be thrown 80 or 90 yards.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

MOTORING MECHANICS AND MOTORING AMENITIES: DISTURBED CONGREGATIONS AND OTHER MATTERS.

**The Question of Self-Starters.** The question of self-starters is beginning to take hold of the motorist, particularly the owner of an obstinate engine, which requires a considerable amount of swinging before it can be got to fire. Several makers—among them the always enterprising Mr. Edge—have

can find their way through towns and cities, where it is often difficult to follow the main roads. Of course, Michelin does this to a great extent in his inimitable "Guide to the British Isles," but it may happen that the particular town required may be absent from the work. The A.A. town plans are printed on thin cards, 6 in. by 4 in., and, in addition to indicating recommended routes, show other main roads carrying heavy traffic, which are best avoided. The situation of officially appointed hotels and repairers is also shown. While these maps can be obtained by members from headquarters, the sheets of the special towns will be obtainable from the patrols posted outside them—the best feature in the scheme.



DROPPER OF TWELVE "BOMBS" OUT OF FIFTEEN ON TO A TARGET SOME 65 FEET IN DIAMETER, AND FROM A HEIGHT OF OVER 650 FEET: GAUBERT AND LIEUTENANT SCOTT.

The Michelin Aero Target Competition was won the other day by Lieutenant Scott, of the U.S.A., and the pilot Gaubert. The "marksman" succeeded in dropping twelve "bombs" out of a total of fifteen on to the target, and thus the reward of 50,000 francs was secured. The second prize of half that amount was awarded to a passenger who dropped eight of his fifteen "bombs" on the target. The photograph shows Gaubert on his Astra-Wright biplane; the top of Lieutenant Scott's head is visible just behind him.

been making experiments with the devices already obtainable. I gather that all the devices, whether operated by compressed air or compressed air combined with carburetted air, by springs, acetylene, or electricity, have their disadvantages—some more, some less; and none (at least, so Mr. Edge thinks) would give satisfaction after a year's use. The great test of any self-starter is its certainty of operation with an engine that has been standing for some time in the cold. But with engines up to 90 mm. in bore, I esteem self-starters something of a luxury, for with a properly adjusted carburetter, and Bosch magneto ignition, there is no serious difficulty about starting up even when cold. But the adjustments must be right.

**Roads Super-Excellent.** During the past few days I have had occasion to motor a good many miles in England's Garden, the County of Kent, traversing many lengths of the main roads of that county in so doing. My experiences lead me to express with some emphasis the opinion that motorists who reside in that division of the country, or have cause to motor much therein, to say nothing of the horse-drawn and pedestrian folk who use the roads, owe a deep debt of thanks to the Kent County Council, or the Kent County Surveyor, or both—undoubtedly both! The main roads to Dover, Folkestone, Margate, Ramsgate, and so on, are models of what up-to-date roads should be: properly and scientifically tarred, or tar-mac'd, and not a loose stone or patch from end to end. Mile after mile, one rolls over the same smooth, clean black surfaces, and blesses the man whose name is Maybury. If the Road Board wants to show appreciation where appreciation is due, let it pour its surplus gold into the coffers of the Kent County Council, and call for the accolade for the Kentish Surveyor.

**Through Town Guides.** There is no end to the resourcefulness of the Automobile Association and Motor Union. Hard upon the heels of the telephone sentry-boxes, which are now springing up along the main roads of this country, comes the publication of Guide Cards, by which motorists

Silence, Please. Once again the Rector of Chipping Barnet, the Rev. W. Manning, M.A., pleads for the consideration of motorists who, driving out of London through Barnet, pass the reverend gentleman's church, which is situated at the top of Barnet Hill, where the Watford and Hatfield roads divide. The Rector points out that, in consequence of their situation, they are, perhaps, disturbed more than most congregations, although the disturbance affects all places of worship on or near main roads. The Rector asks if it would not be possible to exhibit some signal from or on a church, which would indicate that divine service was proceeding within, and that would suggest as silent a passage as possible to the motorist. If a white flag with a red cross were flown in a conspicuous position under such circumstances, I am sure that the majority of motorists would refrain from all needless use of warning signals while the flag was flying. Let Mr. Manning announce his intention so to fly a signal, and note the effect.

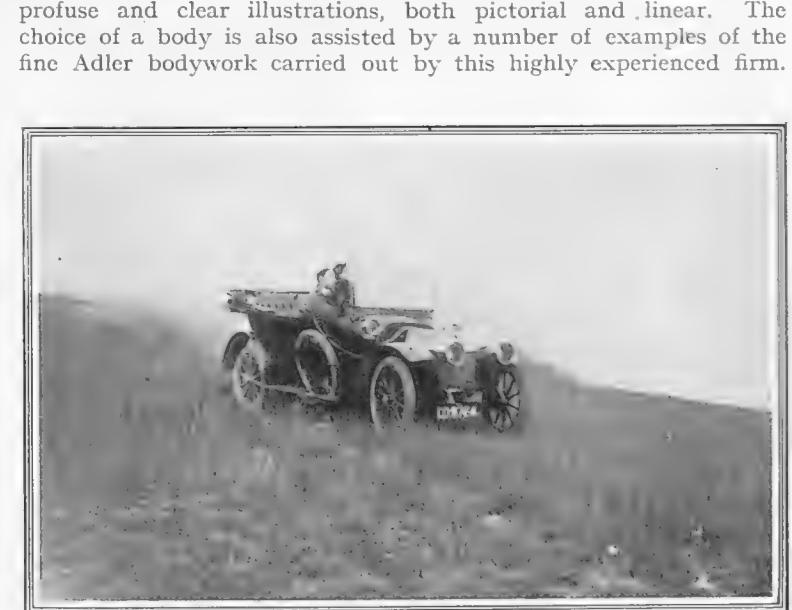
**The New Adler Brochure.** As issued, I have from time to time dealt as completely as possible with the new types of the well-known Adler cars, which, as all the

world and his aunt know full well, are sold in this country by those old-established and fashionable coach-builders, Messrs. Morgan and Company of Old Bond Street and Long Acre. Now many present and prospective owners of Adler cars may, for their own information or the information of their paid drivers, like to have in their possession a book in which the detail working and treatment of their cars is adequately and fully described. In such case they should obtain a copy of the latest Adler brochure, in which all this is done in quite an admirable manner with profuse and clear illustrations, both pictorial and linear. The choice of a body is also assisted by a number of examples of the fine Adler bodywork carried out by this highly experienced firm.



HOLDER OF THE GREAT LAKES RECORD OF 50'42 MILES AN HOUR: THE MOTOR-BOAT "KITTY HAWK II."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



ON A SUSSEX CLIFF: THE NEW 14-H.P. MÉTALLURGIQUE ON AN UNUSUAL "ROAD."

It is much to the credit of the Métallurgique that it will stand all sorts of roads and substitutes for roads without suffering ill-effects.

FASHIONS OF THE WILD : COSTUMES BIZARRE  
AND PRIMITIVE.

**T**OP hats follow the flag. A battered "topper," discarded to-day by a London coachman, may to-morrow, or some later morrow, grace the head of an African potentate whose only other adornment, save girdle, may be an Eton collar and a cuff, both worn as anklets. You can buy an old Lincoln and Bennett in Kano, and in other marts of sable gentlemen realise more for an ancient

dress-shirt than for a live sheep. The beau of the backwoods loves the English costume as he loves the English beverages, and his lady shares his fancy. Of course, the gentleman in the wilds is not peculiar in this respect. When King George, as a youth, called at the Court of Japan, he noted with surprise that the late Emperor and his suite were all arrayed, not in native gear, but in productions fashioned by our only Poole. And Menelik, when he puts aside his jewels

adornment was adopted as a defence; but that which was at first intended to disfigure has now become an ornament, and nothing else is just as good. The women of the Kachi tribe, our hapless explorer found, wear no costume but a tail, very bizarre and artistic in native eyes, no doubt, but still, merely a tail. The Banziri belles lave themselves with mud, then lay on a coat of red dye, only that and nothing more, and parade, an incarnate blush, undraped.

**Coiffures Bond Head-dress  
Street Never of the  
Knew. free**

and unfettered supplies varieties enough to furnish a volume. The Bond Street hairdresser has by no means exhausted all the possibilities of his art. You may have the bamboo aureole, supporting a score of darling woolly little pigtales of the Ashira belle, the wild and kinky forest of the Malagasy beauty, the



LOOKING LIKE AN IDOL: A SHAN CHIEF IN HIS COURT DRESS.

IN HER COURT DRESS: THE FIRST WIFE OF A SHAN CHIEF.

that outshine the sun, fares forth in an antique sou'-wester which may have done its rounds in London on the head of an old-clothes man.

**Queen's Raiment Extraordinary.** The case is different with Taitu, Menelik's Empress. Her Gargantuan proportions are enveloped in a variety of styles. Over all is a mantle which would delight a pantomime witch. Beneath is an acre of white petticoat, knee-deep, and from out its folds peeps a combination of moccasin and footballer's shin-guards; while her wise old head, which has successively swayed six husbands, is swathed by a narrow circlet of white linen, with her massive crown of short, crisp curls towering above it. The Queen of Siam is less compromising; she wears, with a stiffly worked silk blouse, a pair of unmistakable plaid golfing knickers; "rational" as rational is supposed to be, with white silk stockings, patent-leather pumps, and never a petticoat to worry about.

**Lip-Discs and Tails as Feminine Ornaments.** When lovely woman first

stooped to folly, probably she began by entwining a flower or a gay feather in her pretty tresses. Circumstances alter cases, and the position is different now, as, for example, with the Kabba-Sara, a tribe 'twixt Niger and Nile, whom poor Boyd Alexander discovered on his memorable trip across Africa. The Kabba-Sara belles adopt a unique embellishment. There are

certain frivollings as to hair and body adornments, but the most serious thing is the face, and this, after due process of native art, is barely recognisable as human. Through the lips are thrust enormous discs of wood, bereaving the victim of speech beyond a murmur, and leaving a general effect by comparison with which Hugo's Laughing Man must have been a Cupid. And why this style of beauty, pray? Well, Baghirmi has had a succession of very improper Sultans, who looked with undue favour on Kabba-Sara women, and carried them away to their harems. So the labial

fore-and-aft wiry peaks of the Londa lady, or the marvels of hirsute architecture known to giddy Fiji or to Papua. When a girl, clad only in a smile and an inadequate girdle of cowrie-shells, "puts up her hair," into oil or clay, or horn or cane, the masculine hearts needs must flutter, for it is a sign that another belle has "come out," to be won, by gift of oxen or by abduction. In British Nigeria pretty well the whole gamut of tonsorial possibilities is rung. The nearer the missioner, the more ornate the art and more elaborate the garb. A lady, in such latitudes, grave authority tells us, will woo decorum at the cost of many an added leaf to her girdle, but farther away she walks, unashamed, in the habiliments of Nature—until she marries.

**Brides Clad in An Oil River Brass. bells**

threads a single row of tiny cowrie-shells and hangs these round her hips; leaving to the severe propriety of her spouse-to-be the ordering of more elaborate costuming. He adds weight and substance to her apparel. But it is mainly sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. He puts his money into wire and discs of brass, and hangs them on his bride. She is weighted from ankle to knee so that she can barely walk, and never knows an hour of ease. When hard times come, he removes and sells one of her garments, which is a coil of wire or a plate of brass, the wearing of which has made her straddle deplorably



MASKED, BLANKETED, AND WHITEWASHED BRIDES ELECT: BASUTO GIRLS  
UNDERGOING A PERIOD OF INITIATION BEFORE MARRIAGE.

all her married days. The bride of Central Australia is dowered with an apron, with which it is the privilege of her husband to chastise her. She may also have a head-dress of resin and kangaroo-teeth, but neither is hers without solemn ceremony and incantation and mud-plaster and semi-interment alive. The whole art and mystery of costume in the wilds is full of surprises and unexpected mystery of ceremonial and significance. And, with all said and done, the African pygmies, returned from England, limited full-dress costume to a leaf or so and—wrist-watches!



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Trouville and her  
Usurping Sister,  
Deauville.**

The sister-towns on the Normandy coast have this year reached the parting of the ways, for Deauville—once consisting of a few villas and chalets distributed at intervals along a flat sandy shore—has blossomed out, in a night, into the finest of fine ladies, while Trouville seems destined to occupy a far humbler position, to live, like many a faded beauty, on the report of her former allurements. This once famous place, with its large encampment of red-and-white striped bathing-tents, is left to the good *bourgeois* and his babies, or rather his one baby; to the strangest excursionists surely to be seen on this planet; and to an assortment of bathers of odd shapes and sizes who have the air of being left over from a remnant sale. I may, of course, malign the strange apparitions whom you see wending their way down to the sea in *maillots* or hired bathing-dresses. In real life they may have every civil virtue. They may have noble souls and live lives of high endeavour and attainment. They may, in short, be angels unaware, but the effect they make, especially *en profile*, is not altogether pleasing.

**Like Todgers', Deauville, Deauville Can  
Do It.**

that her famous elder sister was, like the pathetic heroine of "The House of Mirth," somewhat going down in the society she frequented, gathered her narrow skirts together and determined to cut a dash, to make a bid for the vacant queenship of the Normandy coast or perish, bankrupt in the attempt. Now she has spent with such a lavish hand as to vie with the efforts of Monte Carlo, Vix-les-Bains, Vichy, and the other watering places. Her new Casino—in the Louis XIV. style of architecture—is vast, gay, brilliant, and yet not florid and gaudy. In the enormous white central hall, with its theatre, its gaming-tables, and its colonies of white chairs and tables for *consommations*, there would seem to be space enough to seat a thousand people. And Deauville denies herself nothing in the way of modish players, singers, and dancers. Here you may hear, one night, Mr. George Grossmith in one of his Gaiety Theatre songs, another evening Nijinsky may be dancing "Le Spectre de la Rose," or the famous Russian, Chaliapine, may create a furore by singing the "Marseillaise." The celebrity must have a European, or at any rate a London-and-Paris, reputation, who appears at this cosmopolitan casino during the fortnight of the races.

**French and  
American Rivals.**

And it is the races which fill the sister-towns to overflowing at the end of August, and Deauville has planted herself close to the pretty racetrack dominated by tree-clad hills. The smart racing world, its camp-followers and hangers-on, make the fortune of this little bathing-place on the Normandy sands once a year. Certain wealthy New Yorkers, forbidden by a Puritanical local government to indulge in horse-racing in their own state, have houses and stables

here, and contribute not a little to the vanities and pomp of Deauville. At every turn you may see American women, wonderfully bejewelled and be-hatted, stepping out of amazing motor-cars, or seated on the gay Casino Terrace drinking coffee or dry Martinis. They run the Parisienne hard in the matter of dress; indeed, having more to spend, they often outstrip the native in splendour of effect.

**The Happy Haunt  
of the  
"Rastaquouère."**

For a considerable time past Trouville has been the happy haunt of those olive-tinted people in showy clothes whom Paris has dubbed *rastaquouères*, but who, as a matter of fact, hail from Brazil and Buenos Ayres, and eke from Peru. Like our own population of gay and prosperous Israelites, these "Peruvians" must

always be in the movement, be seen, at the right day, at the modish place, their womenfolk dressed in the last shout, so to speak, from the more audacious Paris milliners. And doubtless the Peruvian, with his olive-skinned wife and daughters, will ere long be seen in his hundreds in Deauville. Fortunate indeed will be the visitors who will fill the new, vast hotel in the guise of a huge Normandy farmhouse, which runs three sides of a square, just as you enter the sister-town. This, to be sure, is the last word in seaside inns, for it is as picturesque as it is deliberately simple in intention. On the front, every suite of rooms on the first floor has its flight of wooden steps into a flower-garden, which gives on the sea. The back is a typical Normandy courtyard on a huge scale, with a gateway, clock, and flower-beds to lure you on to make an inspection of this curious tavern. Inside, all is white, and has an air of space and exquisite cleanliness. The thing has been well conceived and charmingly carried out.

**The Parisian's  
real life of  
Villégiature.**

These twin watering-places is not in the hotels, the Casinos, châteaux villas and *châteaux* which are sprinkled everywhere on the green hills of this wonderful coast. The true Parisian—indeed, the true Frenchman—is apt to keep very much to himself, to mix only in his own little coteries or among his own immediate relations. You will see them whirling along in their closed motor-cars, through the green lanes which line the coast as far east as Honfleur, or as far west as Cabourg; you will find them cheapening antiques in the shops of Bayeux or Caen, or lunching at the inn of William the Conqueror at Dives. But they do not bathe in the sea at Trouville, as the French comic papers would have you believe, nor dance at the Casino in the evening. They have their dinners, their bridge-parties, and their *déjeuners*; they play golf at Deauville, and much tennis, as is the fashion nowadays, in their own wonderful gardens. The Parisian does not mix much with an alien world which he is apt to regard as barbarous. He has, indeed, not inaptly, been called the Chinaman of Europe.



THE SUMMER PARISIENNE: NEW MODES FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

On the left is seen an afternoon frock in tulle and black satin, opened over a tablier of royal-blue satin. The transparent corsage of gold lace slopes over a chemisette of muslin and white satin. The large black hat is trimmed with an aigrette. The centre figure shows another afternoon gown—a sheath of begonia-rose satin, buttoned all the way down, and veiled in muslin of the same shade, with a slanting hem of rose-coloured satin. The right-hand figure represents an evening gown in black-and-white tulle on a foundation of electric-blue satin. It has large *entre-deux* of black tulle embroidered with silver-crystal beads and paste. The corsage has *bretelles* hemmed with tulle.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.*

## LAST WEEK.

THE increase in the official Bank Rate to 4 per cent. last week was not altogether unexpected, and occasioned no uneasiness, as the Bank position is satisfactory. The Bank holds a large amount of market bills, and heavy gold withdrawals are expected before long. In all probability over ten millions will be required for Egypt before the end of the year to finance the large crop, while both Canada and Brazil will take fair quantities of gold.

British Government issues are a little lower on the week, chiefly owing to the higher rates for money, but International securities have been firm, Turkish 4 per cent. of 1908 advancing as much as 2½ points to 79. Home Rails were weak at one time owing to the damage and interruption caused by the floods, but on Friday a better tone was apparent, and prices responded with a sharp advance, which was general throughout the list.

Among Foreign Rails there has not been much to note; Mexican issues have weakened, as we suggested they would do, and San Paulo stock has fallen about 15 points on rumours of probable competition. Yankees have been quiet.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC FIGURES.

The Report of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the year ending June 30 last was issued just too late for inclusion in our last notes, but the figures are exceptionally interesting, so we make no apology for including them now.

The gross receipts totalled 123,319,500 dols., an increase of 19,151,500 dols., while working expenses were 12,553,300 dols. higher at 80,021,300 dols. There was, therefore, an improvement in net revenue of about 6,600,000 dols. After deducting the Preference dividend and 10,525,000 dols. for fixed charges, there remained a balance of 31,285,500 dols. available for the Common stock, which represents 16 per cent., or more than double the dividend paid, which was 7 per cent. from the Railway and Steamship account. The remaining 3 per cent. is derived from sales of lands, interest on investments, etc.

During the year 669,600 acres of agricultural land was sold at an average price of almost 16 dols. per acre, which represents a slight increase on the figures of the previous year, both in acreage and price. It is worth noting in this connection that only the interest on cash proceeds and deferred payments for land sold is treated as income, and the principal amounts are placed to capital reserve.

Several fresh lines have been acquired during the past year, perhaps the most important of them being the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway, which has been leased for 999 years. The Georgian Bay line has been completed, and the Quebec Central Railway was also acquired.

Altogether the Report makes it clear that the period was one of unequalled prosperity.

## THE UNITED MALAYSIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

When the shares of this Company stood at 2s. 6d., we were one of the few papers to have a word to say in their favour, but our advice to hold them has since proved correct. The recent puffing has again drawn attention to the Company and, although we always mistrust shares which are being puffed, we think in this case they should be worth several shillings more than their present price.

The large quantities of rubber shipped each week continue to meet a ready sale, and buyers are making offers for forward delivery. At the present time fair quantities of their No. 1 quality are selling at 4s. 1d. per lb., while the lower grades are realising 3s. 10½d. and 4s. per lb. The estimate of an annual output of one million pounds' weight seems likely to be realised, as the monthly shipments now amount to about thirty-five tons, and with the new factory at Karimon now working, a considerably increased quantity will be arriving. If we take the profit at only 1s. per lb., this should mean a profit of £50,000, or over 10 per cent. on the present market valuation.

## MANAOS TRAMWAYS AND LIGHT COMPANY.

When the shares of this Company were introduced in the market over here we expressed a favourable view of their merits, and we consider the recently issued Report bears out this opinion. A dividend of 3 per cent. is declared, although, as was pointed out at the meeting, 4 per cent. could have been paid if the directors had thought it advisable. They have preferred, however, to strengthen their financial position, and we hope they will continue this policy. The Revenue account shows that the gross receipts from all sources increased from £110,070 to £112,634, and net earnings from £29,862 to £34,656, or an increase of 16 per cent.

While the shares, although attractive, are still distinctly speculative, the 5 Per Cent. First Debentures of this Company are on an entirely different plane. The interest on this issue is being earned more than twice over at present, while the price is about 92. The operation of a sinking fund commences next year, which will be

applicable to purchases in the open market, or to drawings at 105, and we consider these bonds are worth several points above their present quotation.

## NITRATE COMPANIES.

Our contemporary the *Stockbroker* has, in its weekly issues since July 27, published an interesting series of articles dealing with the position and prospects of all the principal Nitrate Companies whose shares are, more or less, actively dealt in here. The articles have been written by a correspondent who is evidently well informed as to the Nitrate industry, and who probably has an intimate local knowledge of the grounds being worked by the various Companies. On the whole, the majority of the shares are, at present prices, alleged to be above their intrinsic value, considering the lives of the various grounds and the condition and suitability of the machinery employed; but we hardly think that our contemporary allows sufficiently for the effect of the increased price of raw nitrate on the dividends of the near future, and the effect these dividends are likely to have on quotations. For the investor, the *Stockbroker's* advice is probably good; for the speculator we doubt if the articles are not too bearish.

The shares of the following Companies are condemned as over-valued or "absurdly over-valued" at the current market price: Alianza, Rosario, Colorado, Ghizela, Lilita, Pan de Azucar, San Sebastian, Lagunas Company, San Lorenzo, Lagunas Syndicate, San Patricio, New Tamarugal, and Santiago.

In the case of the London Nitrate Company, the yield, it is said, is not likely to be sufficient for the class of security; while the following shares, in the opinion of our contemporary, have reasonable prospects: Angela, Agnus Blancas, New Paccha and Jazampa, Liverpool, Santa Catalina, Tarapaca and Tocopilla, Salar del Carmen, Fortuna, Santa Rita, and Anglo-Chilian.

In some cases even these shares are considered quite as high, if not higher, than they ought to stand. Such is, put shortly, the result of our contemporary's painstaking analysis, which should be read in detail by anyone thinking of investing in Nitrates.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Anybody mentioning the weather," The Jobber laid down "will be sent to Coventry."

"What's the matter with Norwich?" suggested The Engineer.

"Well, I don't mind. All I want to establish is a Rule that anyone mentioning the weather——"

"That's the second time you've done so yourself," he was reminded.

"Markets don't look bad, anyway," said The Broker pacifically.

"It seems right to be a bull of most things, and what I don't understand——"

"Is how long we may expect it to remain in this happy condition."

"Yet some things haven't much spring," complained The Solicitor. "Take Trunks."

"Where to?"

"Trunks have been rather what the papers call neglected for some time past, though they've had fair rises from the bottom prices. The monthly statements aren't brilliant, though."

"Mexican Rails will come again, I take it," inferred The Solicitor. "This little bit of a scare——"

"That's all right. Needn't worry your head about that," replied The Engineer. "Maybe the Ordinary stock is pretty well valued, but those two Preferences are fine investments."

"Here's everything going up, except the rain——"

"A fine! A fine!" shouted The Jobber.

"It isn't fine, so shut up. Here's everything going up, and I don't know what to buy."

"Prices look full-valued in most markets," remarked The Banker. "One is disposed to wonder whether Consols are really cheap."

"Not much wonder about that," said The Jobber confidently.

"Consols are dear, and we all know it."

"There is only one thing worth having in this world," said The Banker, with a smile that was half a sigh.

"Money! Or love?"

The Banker laughed this time. "Neither," said he. "I meant Youth: the time when one dares everything, says everything——"

"Eats everything," added The City Editor.

"But when you grow old, like me, and have white hair, grandchildren, gout and experience, you look back to Youth——"

The Broker and The City Editor were already talking in undertones, and the philosopher stopped abruptly.

"Well, I told you so a month or two back," declared The Broker. "I felt in my bones that Chartered would go better, and so they have."

"But Chartered aren't worth the money."

"What does that matter? Markets are good all round. I'd rather buy Chartered than many other things, just now."

"I think I must have a dash," said The Engineer. "Buy me a hundred Chartered, will you, please."

The Broker thanked him, and made a note of it on his newspaper.

"Hundred for me, too," said The Merchant.

[Continued on page 294]

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### The Penitent.

We now behold the Clerk of the Weather in a penitential mood, doing his best to make up for his misdeeds. Up here in Sutherlandshire we are having long days of sunshine and light, fresh breezes—the most enjoyable of all weather. All through we have had much better treatment than most places. There has been since our arrival only one day of continuous rain; all the others were fair for several hours. As I dressed this morning I watched four big battleships, about three miles away, preparing for a day's firing practice. Now they have, all but one, got to sea and are at work. The target was towed out, and then three of the ships cruised round and took long shots at it. First we see a great column of water spring up more or less close to the target, then we hear the dull, big boom of the report. The sea is like silver, and the sunshine deliciously warm. Bad weather, like bad pain, is, happily, soon forgotten: in these glorious days we have lost sight and memory of the dull and cold ones before them. The heather is out on the hills, which are every possible shade of purple, from pink purple to heliotrope purple. There are few deer to be seen—they are shy things; but, walking over the hills, one puts up many grouse. They are plentiful and good, and bags are heavy, now that the high winds have gone down.



IN SPORTING IRELAND: SIR JOSEPH DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE AND SIR TIMOTHY O'BRIEN.

Sir Joseph is the thirteenth Baronet of a creation dating from 1620, and is a co-heir to the Baronies of Fitz Payne and Kerdeston. He was born in 1890. Sir Timothy O'Brien, third holder of a baronetcy dating from 1849, was born in 1861.

*Photograph by Topical.*

in a charming, homelike house on the border of the Loch—the Duke of Sutherland's deer forest on the other side rising away above it; a mighty rock, heather-crowned, almost overhanging a portion of it. A lovely spot on a summer day—wild, grand, and solitary. In the winter it is cold and pitiless, but the people who live there love it well.

### Sunday in the Highlands.

The quiet up here on Sunday day is something that can be felt. Once or twice in the day a blunt sound of bells cleaves the air. Sessions, as services in these parts are called, go on all day, either in English or in Gaelic. Then there is the little Scottish Episcopal Church, a corrugated iron structure, and the only Episcopal Church in Sutherlandshire. In it we have been hearing some of the best and most interesting sermons we have ever listened to, from the Rev. David Winchup, Vicar of Southgate. He has filled the little church every Sunday twice, and everyone has been so pleased and interested. He is now replaced by the Bishop of Moray and Ross. Very few people have out their cars on Sunday, save to come in to sessions, or service, from



IN IRELAND: THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN, LADY PAGET, AND LORD HERBERT.

Lady Arran was known before her marriage as Mathilde Jacqueline Marie Beauclerk, only daughter of Baron Huyssen van Kattendyke, of Kattendyke, Zeeland, Holland. She has two sons, Viscount Sudley and the Hon. Arthur Gore. Lord Herbert, elder son of the Earl of Pembroke, is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. In 1904 he married Beatrice Eleanor, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget.

*Photograph by Topical.*

### The Discontented Angler.

ting all the ideals of the angler. Bright sunshine, absence of rain, and only the lightest of breezes are not at all pleasing to him and her. Yesterday we motored out to the Loch, six miles from here, and heard of the capture of sea trout and brown ones, and talked of fishing, stalking, and shooting while we had a Scotch tea

What is delighting us all so greatly is upsetting

the Lodges; it is a real day of peace and rest and recreation, to use the word in its literal sense.

### Uses of Scent.

A charming perfume may generally be described as a luxury. There are times when it is quite three parts a necessity. I see that Mrs. Agnes Fraser Fulton, sister of Sir Richard Crawford, K.C.M.G., Economic and Financial Adviser to the Ottoman Empire, writes that she presented a number of bottles of Iroma, one of the delicious perfumes of the Crown Perfumery Company, for sale at a recent vicarage fête at Ash, in Somerset. They were all sold almost as soon as displayed, and on Sunday, in church, there was a regular wave of Iroma, that was decidedly refreshing, which would not be the case with all scents; but freshness is one of the many charms of Iroma. I thought of this when I went to hear a Gaelic session—the church was not well ventilated; the congregation's clothes were saturated with peat-smoke—and I sighed for Iroma.

### Lovely Langwell.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow are staying at lovely Langwell, where the Duke and Duchess of Portland are now established for the shooting and stalking season. They were staying at Langwell just before their engagement was announced. The place is perfect for a rest and for sport. It is seventeen miles from a railway station, and is well off the road, over which a certain number of motor-cars run. There is a tremendous hill down

to Berriedale, and again up from it, and these frighten many motorists from this route to Wick. No tenants on the place are allowed to take in tourists even for a night, so the neighbourhood is really restful. Its beauty is extraordinary—mountain, moor, river, sea, pine-woods, all at their best, are the surroundings. If I were a millionaire, and had my choice of a summer residence, I should like Langwell better than any I have ever seen, and I have seen many. The people in the neighbourhood like the Duke and Duchess of Portland as much as the Duke and Duchess like



IN SPORTING IRELAND: VISCOUNT AND VISCONTESS POWERS-COURT AT A RACE-MEETING.

Viscount Powerscourt was born in 1880. For a year or so he was Comptroller of the Household to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Aberdeen). In 1903 he married Sybil, daughter of the late Walter Pleydell-Bouverie, and he has two sons and a daughter.

*Photograph by Topical.*

Langwell. This week the sheepdog trials are to be held there, and we are bidden to the big luncheon-party, in common with those who come up to these parts every year. Somewhere about three hundred are entertained there on these occasions.

We have received the following note—

Sir,—Regarding Mrs. Walter Crane's letter, published in your issue of Aug. 21, I would point out that the titles of Commendatore of the Crown of Italy and Cavaliere of S.S. Maurizio e Lazzaro do not carry with them any title for the wives of the holders.

Yours faithfully,—ANGLO-ITALIAN.

Holidays are luxuries which do not ordinarily fall to the lot of the London flower-girl. Therefore we are glad to call attention to an appeal made by Mrs. Louie Pennington-Bickford, of Parish House, Clare Market and Drury Lane, W.C., to raise funds for providing holidays for poor flower-girls and working-girls of London. Their life, she precarious, and they are exposed to all weathers. Last year ninety-eight girls had a holiday at a cost of one guinea each. This year Mrs. Pennington-Bickford hopes to exceed the century, and we hope she will too.



MUCH INTERESTED IN SPORT IN IRELAND: CAPTAIN KEITH, THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL, MR. MCNEILE, LADY MARY PLUNKETT, AND MRS. JAY GOULD.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1883, the Countess of Fingall was known as Miss Elizabeth Mary Burke, daughter of Mr. George Edmund Burke, J.P., of Danesfield, co. Galway. Lord Fingall has been State Steward to the Viceroy of Ireland (Lord Spencer), and was appointed Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant in 1905. Lady Mary Plunkett is the elder of Lord and Lady Fingall's daughters, and is twenty.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Sunday twice, and everyone has been so pleased and interested. He is now replaced by the Bishop of Moray and Ross. Very few people have out their cars on Sunday, save to come in to sessions, or service, from

points out, is very hard and to all weathers. Last year ninety-eight girls had a holiday at a cost of one guinea each. This year Mrs. Pennington-Bickford hopes to exceed the century, and we hope she will too.

*Continued from page 292.]*

"Commission fourpence-ha'penny," The Jobber told them.  
"It isn't, is it? If so, it's no use my buying them for a quick turn. Is he right?"  
"Unfortunately," confirmed The Broker. "We can't help ourselves. And as the money comes to less than a thousand pounds, I can't return you half, much as I'd like to."

"Then I guess there's no use doing the deal. I'll scratch my order, because I was only thinking of an in-and-out turn. And fourpence-ha'penny doesn't give a man a chance."

"Take off mine as well, please," said The Merchant. "You kill orders with that kind of commission, don't you think?"

"No, I don't think; I know for certain," The Broker answered. "We are losing lots of trade every day for the same reason. But I think we shall see reforms next month in some of these minor matters."

"Then we shall be able to talk to you in Chartered," said The Merchant. "Meanwhile, what about Rubber?"

"Ay, there's the rub," quoth The City Editor.

"Looks a jolly good market, although prices of the leading shares seem too high," said The Broker. "Anyway, I'd rather be a bull than a bear at the moment."

"The bears will come home later on."

"I said at the moment," repeated The Broker. "What we are all looking for is a good concern, coming to production-stage, priced about its par figure, and with a good prospect of improvement."

"Do you know a thing called Sennah Rubber? They are one-pound shares, twelve-and-six paid, standing about 1-16 premium. I'm told—" and he whispered confidentially to the others.

"What's the commission on them?"

The Broker laughed, and said "Threepence"; whereupon he got several orders, which were not cancelled directly afterwards.

"We all seem to be infected with a sporting spirit this morning," said The Merchant.

"Sporting! You ought to have seen *my* sporting spirit yesterday afternoon at golf. I left town after lunch—"

"Fore!" cried the same number of voices.

"The Rubber boom," declared The Engineer, "was built upon the foundation of lost golf-balls and punctured motor-tyres."

"Like most epigrams, more than half untrue. But the Rubber Market's going better, or I'll eat my hat."

"Marconis are to touch 6, I hear," said The City Editor.

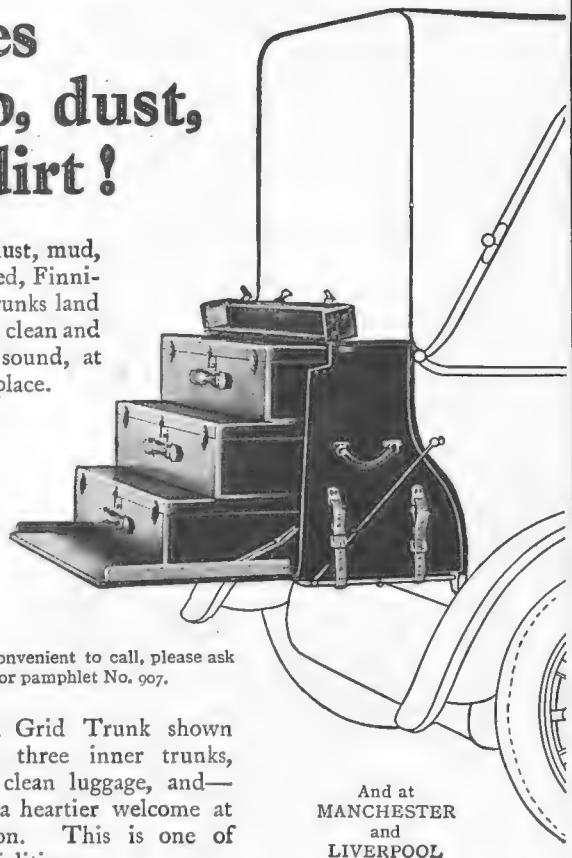
"A great House tip is to buy Little Chathams at 20 for a rise to 40 this year," The Broker added.

"Kent Coal again?"

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"That, and the Syndicate. Another tip is to buy Districts for 50."

"If the Market's Little Chats were as good as our Little Chats, I'd buy them," said The Jobber, without hesitation. "But as that's impossible, I'm going to buy Districts, so bye-bye!"

Saturday, August 31st, 1912.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

ARTEAR.—We do not like the mine, which has been a regular flat-catcher, nor the crowd who run it. Would certainly not advise purchase at 6s.

BELELE.—The price of the 5 per cent. Debentures is 2 to 5 discount for special settlement not yet fixed. We should not recommend the investment, as the issue is badly placed.

CHARTERED.—The report about the Company being bought out is an old chestnut; at present there is no chance of it, we think. The market is peculiar, for no sooner do the shares reach 30s. than there seems to be a tap turned on—but a great many are being absorbed by the public.

AFRICAN.—Both Knight's Central and City Deep have been very disappointing, but look as if they were improving. We should not sell either just now. We are not oil experts, but have a poor opinion of London and Maikop and Maikop Standard.

A. E. J.—In our opinion Marconis are above their value, even now. We do not like the motor shares. The Egyptian Land and General Trust is not a Company we recommend. See our last week's Note if you want this class of share.

IMPOSSIBLE.—We think Chersonese should be held. We are not in favour of these Canadian Land Companies, as we think the present boom may collapse, and at any rate, is at its highest now. The shares of the Underground Electric are a good speculative holding.

DEE.—The Erie bonds you may buy with a reasonable prospect of improvement; or the 4 per Cent. Refunding bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway. See last week's answer to "Yank."

In view of the approaching visit of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to London, and of the fact that her birthday, October 23, will occur during her stay in England, it has been decided to present her with an address of congratulation, signed by representatives of the Drama, Literature, Art, and Society, and lovers of the stage in general. This happy suggestion was made at a recent meeting of British admirers of "the divine Sarah," and the duties of honorary secretary have been undertaken by Mr. Max Pemberton, to whom any communications on the subject may be addressed at 17-21, Henrietta Street, W.C. Sheets for signatures are being placed in the foyers of the principal theatres, and in hotels, clubs, and stores.

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Each model must display in a prominent position a tablet or box of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, and the proprietors reserve to themselves the right of purchasing any photographs for the purposes of reproduction. It should be understood that no importance will be attached to the quality of the actual photograph—it is the work on the sands which will count.

Each Photograph must bear on the back the name of the place at which it was taken and the date, as well as the name, address and age of the child who did the modelling, and must be sent addressed "Sands," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., to arrive not later than September 30th.

Any competitor who desires the photograph to be returned must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose.

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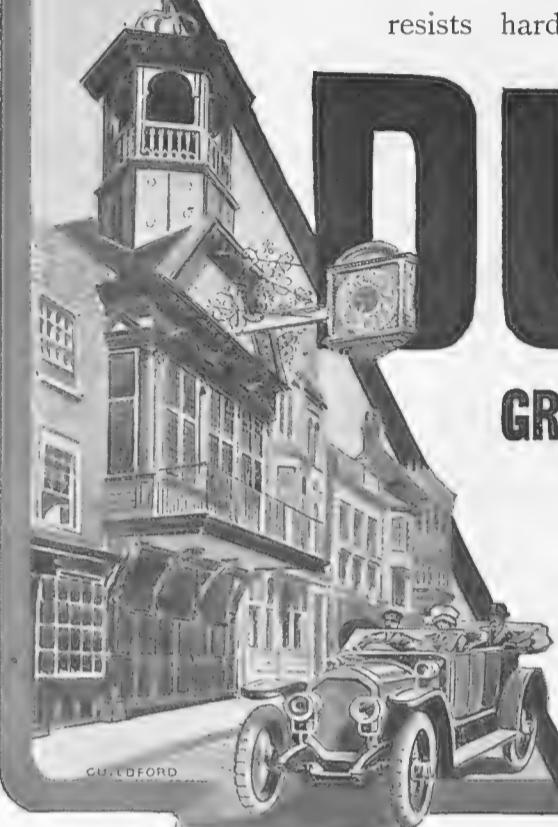
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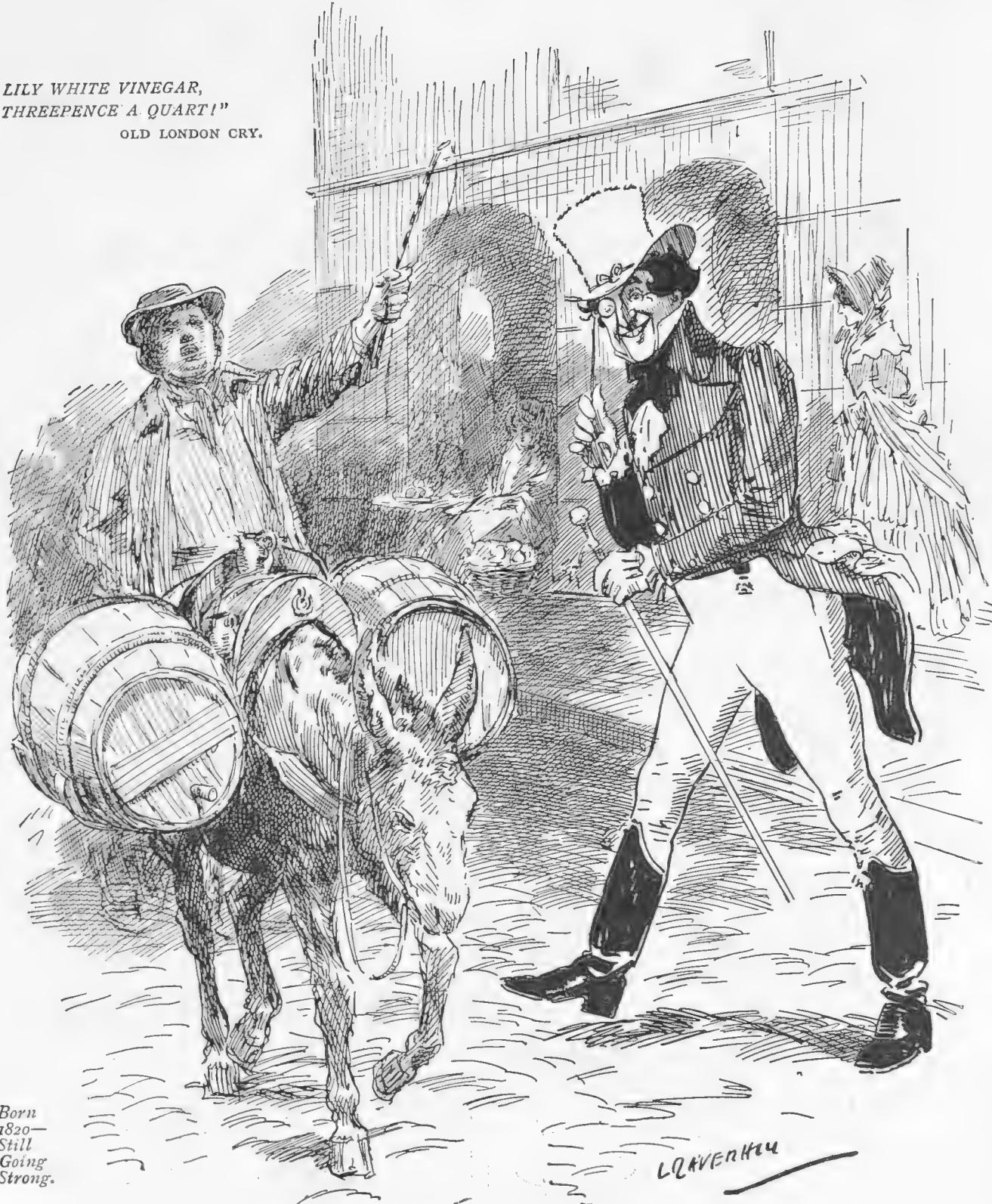
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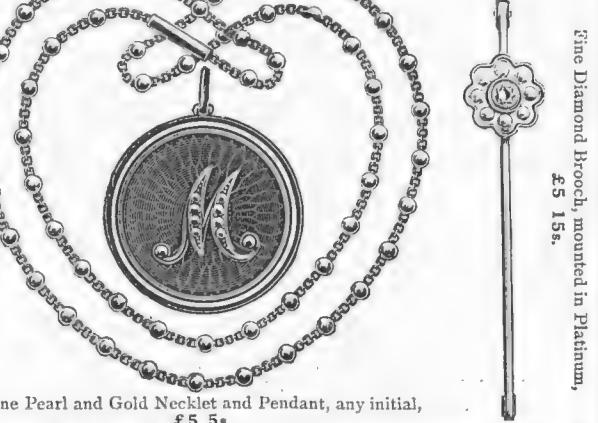


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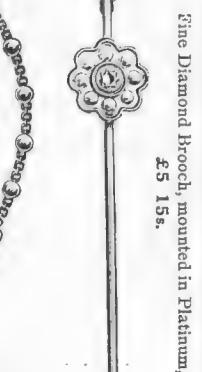


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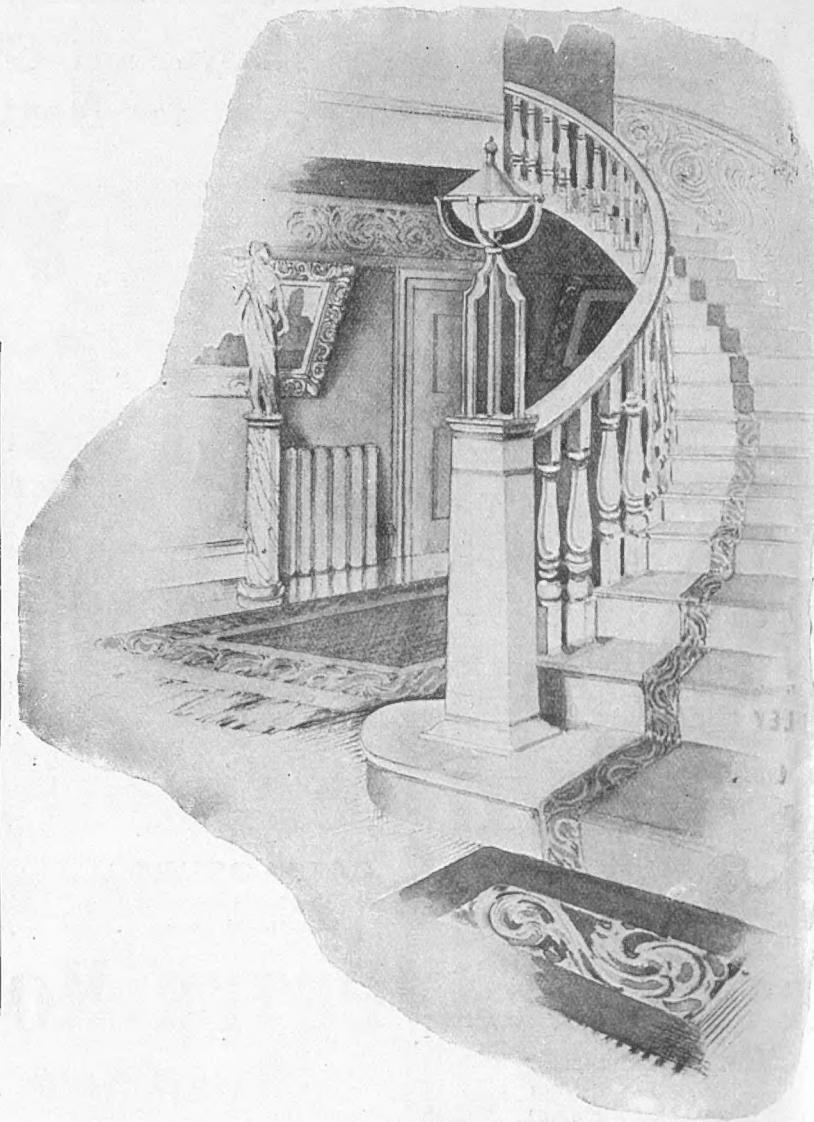
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By L. S. GIBSON.  
(*Methuen*.)

If, as men persistently assert, woman's true sphere lies within the circle of her affections; and if, as "The Oakum Pickers" would imply, she only stands within it to receive the most crushing blows from the men who place her there, then must every "womanly" woman be regarded as a pre-destined martyr. That men mean well makes things worse for the victims. Villainy, which implies strength, is always less conducive to disaster than weakness, which too often spells nothing but selfish cruelty. Two young women, both suffering under wretched conditions of marriage, meet two men by whom they are persuaded to hope once more for truth and kindness. They are good women, and conventional ones, and they insist on these relations being ideal. The inhuman husband of one—a dried-up professor, dies after a weary illness through which his wife devotedly nursed him. And her lover, a soldier who had impetuously wooed her, forthwith began a system of cooling down which spread to insult and outrage. The other woman, Cynthia, a charming type of the gracefully intellectual, became the devoted friend of a rising man of letters. The innocent situation exactly suited him, but success finally made other claims on him. He wanted marriage, a home, a centre at which he could entertain. Cynthia's husband was paying for a profligate career in a lunatic asylum. Before madness came she could easily have procured a divorce. Madness bound her to her husband for ever. And though she loved Claude sufficiently to give herself to him, she recognised also that an illegal union would not eventually satisfy him. He needed something more public and permanent. After a few years of waiting he eventually married a young *débutante*, quite heartlessly, though she was much in love with him. And these three women are left to make what they can of the ruin of their lives. Such is Miss Gibson's story; the story of women who, for love, must "pick much oakum."

"The House of Fortune."

By MAX PEMBERTON.  
(*Evelleigh Nash*.)

a maître d'armes. And he sends Adolphe Chenier on service to Morocco. "All Europe wrangling over the meats of that God-forsaken kingdom, and your marabouts cutting throats like one-

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o'clock." Adolphe was surprised in camp and captured by the most famous brigand in Morocco. Adolphe heard the sound of a man's skin being stripped; he heard his name called by his chum, on whose ankles they were clamping red-hot fetters, and then he fainted. They took him to the brigand's palace, a fairy place of roses and arabesques and worm-eaten tapestries, built in a pinnacle of the mountains. After strange experiences, they leave him there to starve with a wondrously beautiful dancing girl. They are rescued in the nick of time by the French, and Adolphe sends his Dolores to a convent for a year. That is the summary of the Eastern half of the story. It is told in a manner worthy of the material, and should rouse the jaded nerves of the most blasé reader. The second half, which transpires in the West, is an account of Dolores' experiences at the convent. Even after the lurid happenings of the East, the West does not strike Dolores as being much different in its methods concerning women. Adolphe, manlike, had many interesting things to do, and not till he had done them, and found them lacking in satisfaction, did he seriously turn his attention to the girl whom he had so passionately and romantically married in the mountains. Hunted down by the lust of men, Dolores had fled back to the East, and their eventual meeting forms a spirited conclusion to a spirited story.

"The Sheriff of Dyke Hole."

By RIDGEWELL CULLUM.

(*Chapman and Hall*.)

Though "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole" opens in a luxurious Pall Mall club, it takes few pages in getting out West. Dick Roydon sits in his club reading the strange conditions under which he is to inherit a fortune of two millions. The old man, he read, had once had a wife and daughter. He had married upon a stroke of luck in Montana State. "Females are mostly problems," he observes, posthumously. Mary, who had stood by him in his ups and downs, got to combing her hair into fancy fixins and faking up her figger. And he grew jealous. Consequently, seeing a man lurking around, he shot him, being red hot, and a gun coming handier than manners. The proceeding upset Mary some, and being good grit, "she lit out," taking her four-year-old daughter with her. The man turned out to be Mary's brother, of whom she had grown ashamed, and the miserable husband found himself obliged to leave his mine and clear out. Years of search and thousands of pounds had failed to recover Mary and the girl. And now he asked his foster-son to go out West, retrieve the mine, and find the wife and daughter to whom the mine should belong. Mr. Cullum draws a vivid picture of Western life, and adds another document to our knowledge of its strange conditions:

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